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Helene Supke  
New York





# BICKERTON;

OR,

The Immigrant's Daughter.

A TALE.

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The time is out of joint.—HAMLET.

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P. O'SHEA, 739 BROADWAY.  
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IN the following pages the author has attempted—with what success he will leave to others to decide—the portraiture of some of the evils that an intolerant spirit cannot fail to inflict upon a land which the goodness of God and the wisdom of man have combined to render peculiarly prosperous and happy. That he could, without exaggeration, have greatly deepened the picture, any one, who will take the trouble to call to mind certain occurrences, by which this country has, within a few years past, been disgraced, must admit. But, as his object was rather to admonish the unthinking than to frighten the timid, or to hold up to the hatred or scorn of other nations the land of his birth, the land which, if she be but true to herself, must yet be the regenerator of Europe, he has not thought it wise to do so, but rather to leave his meagre outline—intended to be merely suggestive—to be filled up by others, as their imaginations or recollections shall enable them to do it. It may be thought that some apology is due, for the introduction, into a work of light lit-

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erature, of things so grave as the extracts from the Pastoral Letter and the Speech of Mr. Hunter. But as those extracts express more forcibly than he could have done, and with an authority that no anonymous writer could possibly claim, the sentiments and convictions of the author, he really cannot find any to offer, and they must be accepted or rejected without ; granting, however, to those who do not like that kind of reading, his full permission to pass them by unread.

# BICKERTON ;

OR,

## THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

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### I.

#### *The Emigrants.*

"**M**OST beautiful and O, most beloved Isl-  
and of Sorrow, home of my fathers,  
and resting place of all my dead, farewell  
forever! Driven from thee by the scourge of  
the oppressor, I go to put between us a wall  
of waters, that no tyranny can o'erleap. And  
yet, could I, by pouring out my blood upon  
the altar of thy freedom, give thee thy true  
rank among the nations, right gladly would

I drain my heart of its last warm drop to do so. But what, alas! can one arm, however strong, one heart, however devoted, do for a country so long down-trodden as thou hast been, and whose bitterest enemies are the children nurtured at thine own bosom? Nothing! nothing! And we, who are cast out from our inheritance, can only pray, in the land of the stranger, in which we now must seek a home, that the Almighty may be pleased to look down on thy distress, and make short the day of thy tribulation!"

Thus said, or rather thought, Manus O'Hanlon, for the words did not reach his tongue, as, from the deck of an emigrant ship, his straining eyes were turned towards his native land, which, becoming every moment less, seemed now a mere speck between sea and sky.

"Come," said a sailor, roughly, who was passing at that moment, "get below;—there's no room for such as you here."

"Heaven help us!" said he, with a smile, half humorous, half melancholy, "there seems no place for such as me any where." And

turning from the deck, he descended with a heavy heart to the steerage, where his wife, with their little daughter clasped to her bosom, sat by their berth, weeping in silence.

O'Hanlon sat down by her side, on the chest that was to serve them during the passage for table and chairs, and putting his arm around her waist, drew her gently towards him, until her head rested against his shoulder, when, with many of those beautiful terms of endearment with which their native Irish abounds, he besought her, if she did not wish to afflict him, not to give way to useless sorrow.

"Let me cry now, Manus, dear," she answered, in their own tongue; "let me cry my fill. It is not to vex you I do it, darling, for there is nothing, you know, would pain me more than to give you a moment's uneasiness. But my heart is so full that, if it did not relieve itself in tears, it would surely burst; for, O Manus, it is so hard to leave behind for ever one's home and country, and all that one has loved most dearly among the living and the dead!"

"It is, Moya, dearest, very, very hard, as I only too well know! But let us remember that we are leaving a ruined home, and a country desolated by the tyranny of man, to find a new home in a new and glorious land, where we may one day hope to welcome the friends from whom we are now separated for a time, and where we may, in peace, prepare to join the dear ones who have gone before us, to that world in which there is no such thing as parting known." And thus, with words of tenderness and hope, he endeavoured to lead the mind of his wife out of the darkness of sorrow for the past that surrounded it, into the cheerful light of the present, and succeeded so well, that in a little while she was brought to listen with much interest to his plans for the future.

But, unfortunately, the health of Mrs. O'Hanlon, never very robust, soon began to suffer from confinement in the crowded steerage, in which such numbers of human beings, without the slightest regard to comfort, or even decency, were huddled together, and before half the passage had been made, she



was obliged to take to her berth, which she seldom again left, until carried on deck in the arms of her husband, who was impatient for her to look upon the Land of Promise, that was then rising grandly up out of the sea.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "the long wish of my heart is nearly accomplished, and already I feel the breath of liberty coming with a welcome to us over the waters, and I shall soon stand a freeman among the free."

She looked up lovingly into his face, with a smile upon her pale lips; but her heart was very sad, for she felt at that moment that she had come to a strange land only to die.

## II.

## Disappointment.

IT was a lovely evening of June, and, as the soft breeze, that fluttered along the tranquil deep, touched with its humid wings the cheek of the poor invalid as it passed, she felt the fever, which had been consuming her strength, subside, and give place to a delicious coolness, that was almost happiness in itself; and she would gladly have remained on deck throughout the night, to avoid breathing again the foetid atmosphere of the steerage, in which she had passed so many long and weary days. But already had the gorgeous hues of sunset faded into the sober grey of twilight, which, in turn,

## THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER. 11

was fast deepening into the dark blue of night, through which the stars, like spirit eyes, watching the course of that frail bark over the mutinous element, of which it now seemed the lord, were looking steadily down upon them, and even if they could have been permitted to linger where they were—which they could not—anxiety for the health of his wife would not have allowed O'Hanlon to suffer her to remain any longer exposed to the night air, which was becoming quite chilly; so, taking her in his arms, he carried her below, and laid her gently down in their berth; and then seating himself on the chest, and snuggling his little daughter close to his bosom, began *crooning* one of the songs in which his country appears as the "*Shan Van Vocht*," or *Little Old Woman*.

"I'm weeping all alone,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
I'm weeping all alone,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
I'm weeping all alone,  
For, God help me! there is none  
Now to listen to my moan,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"For all the true and brave,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
For all the true and brave,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;  
The loyal and the brave,  
Who have 'scaped the felon's grave,  
Are far driven o'er the wave,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"And through their ancient halls,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;  
Their proud ancestral halls,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;  
Their hospitable halls  
Now the slimy traitor crawls,  
And the ravening bigot bawls,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"And cold the poor man's hearth,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
And cold the poor man's hearth,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
O cold the poor man's hearth,  
And the cottage of his birth  
Is now levelled with the earth,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"But there's comfort still in store,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
There's comfort still in store,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
O there's comfort still in store,  
For beyond the ocean's roar  
Will they FREEDOM find once more,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

## THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER. 13

“And blessings on the land,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Hearts' blessings on the land,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
God's blessings on the land  
Where, with open heart and hand,  
Are received the poor and bann'd!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.”

The low and monotonous tone in which he had been singing, having put the child quite soundly to sleep, was not without its effect upon his wife, who seemed to have fallen into a gentle slumber, and laying the little one by her side, he sat him down again on the chest, for the hope of soon reaching land rendered it impossible for him to think of sleep at present. But hour after hour passed, and yet, to judge from the quiet on board, and the continuous surging of the water against the vessel, no harbour was yet made. At length, from the trampling overhead, the bustle in furling sails, and the rattle of chains as the anchor was let down, the long expected intimation was given, and it was with the utmost difficulty that O'Hanlon could refrain from rushing upon deck to obtain—if but for one

moment—a glimpse of the fair city which, as he fondly hoped, was thenceforth to be his home. But he did refrain, and when at last, in the grey of the morning, he was permitted to crawl up from the stifling hole in which he had passed so many sleepless hours, he was rewarded for his long and patient vigil by—the keenest disappointment! for instead of a fair city, with its crowded wharves, very little met his eye but a long low stretch of sand, backed by a country which, in that light, looked anything but invitingly to the poor stranger.

“Sure it isn’t there they’re agoin’ to land us?” said one of the many who had, like him, succeeded in getting upon deck.

“Why,” said a third, “Inver Strand is a paradise to that.”

“But where are we, any way?” asked a third.

“In Jarsey,” said a sailor, who was passing.

“In Jahsey? Oh, murder! I’ve oftin hard tell of Jahsey, and Gansey, and Sark, as tags on the outskarts of civilization, and after all our tossin’ on the wild ocean for so many

weeks, is it in wan of them places they're goin' to land us at last?"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said another sailor. "This a'n't that other Jarsey, but Jarsey in America."

"Jahsey in Ameriky!" exclaimed a fourth. "I don't believe there's any sich place as Jahsey in Ameriky, at all. At laste I never hard tell of a Jahsey in the United States, where we are agoin'."

But whether the stretch of sand before them was a part of America or not, there it was determined the emigrants should be landed; and, notwithstanding their grief, consternation, and rage, landed there they accordingly were, with as little ceremony as so many cattle would have been put on shore from a coaster, and with far less consideration, for the weak and the suffering, the tottering old man and the toddling infant, were driven forward with threats and curses, and even blows, with the rest; when weighing anchor, the vessel returned upon her course, with as gallant a bearing as if the winds that swelled her sails were freighted with blessings, instead of the

curses wrung from the hearts of the wretches she had left behind.

"Shame on you, America!" said poor Mrs. O'Hanlon, as her husband, who had carried her across the sand, sat her down on the grassy bank that rose above the beach. "Shame on you, if this is the way you keep faith with strangers! You invited us to come to you, and yet your first act of welcome, as we cross your threshold, is to smite us in the face!"

"Blame not America, Moya dear," said her husband. "This is no act of hers, but of those bloodsuckers, the agents, who took our money from us at 'Derry. They it was, no doubt, who gave orders to this rascally captain, to set us ashore anywhere on American soil that would be least troublesome and expensive to himself, and this is the place he chose."

The conjecture of O'Hanlon, if not altogether right, was certainly not far wrong. There had been collusion between the agents and the captain, by which the poor emigrants were made to suffer by their cupidity, but it was, as they selfishly argued, to protect them-



selves against the injustice of one more dishonest than were they. This miserable trickster, having amassed a fortune by gambling in lotteries, had lately turned his attention to the hardly more honest game of politics, and, by his adroitness in shuffling the political pack, had won the mayoralty of the first city in the Union. This was a success beyond his most sanguine hopes, and he determined to signalize it by some act—not to advance the glory of his country, nor of benefaction to his race, for of acts like these he was not capable—but one that should make his name far known, if not honoured,

“And damn himself to everlasting fame.”

For this purpose he placed himself at the head of a party whose evil intentions, to rise into power upon the ruins of our glorious institutions, were hardly then suspected, although they have since become too frightfully manifest, and, by the adoption of a Japanese policy against immigration, lent his puny aid towards the subversion of the Constitution, a structure which it had tasked the united

wisdom and patriotism of the Fathers of the Republic to erect in all its original strength and grandeur.

It had been in the power of the Chief Magistrates, of the city of which we have spoken, to exact, from the masters or consignees of all passenger ships, a capitation tax of from one to ten dollars upon every immigrant landed within their jurisdiction. Hitherto the sum had, generally, been the lowest named. But our gambling Mayor—a very paragon of piety and philanthropy—under the plea of saving the city from an influx of pauperism, and the rising generation from the contamination of foreign vice and insubordination, determined to set his successors an example, more worthy of imitation than that which he had received from his predecessors in office, raised it at once to the highest. The immigrants were mostly the poorest of the poor, who had parted with everything available, to raise the means necessary to convey them to a land where, as they had been assured, were to be found “work and bread for all;” and as masters and consignees knew there was no

## THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER. 19

more to be extorted from them, to avoid the iniquitous exactions of Mayor C——, vessels were run into the small bays and harbours of an adjoining State, and hundreds of poor creatures, whose bones now whiten among its sands, were left to perish upon an inhospitable shore.

## III.

## Death on the Beach.

A FEW of the immigrants, who had a little money in reserve—something laid by “for the sore foot,” as they expressed it—succeeded, by paying well for them, in obtaining some wagons to convey them and their effects up to the city. Others, who had little beyond their luggage, making a bundle of such things as could be least spared, abandoned their heavy chests, with beds and bedding, and set out for the city on foot, a distance of more than forty miles. But by far the greatest number, who had not the means of paying for even the poorest conveyance, and, either by age or illness, were unable to walk, sat themselves

down in sullen despair, to await the death from which they had fled in their own land, to meet it in a more appalling form where they had not even the consolation of friendly sympathy for support. The Oriental wish: "May you die among your kindred," conveys a blessing, that can only be appreciated by those whose last gaze is turned upon the faces of strangers.

O'Hanlon, after much difficulty, having found a man who for four sovereigns—in advance—would take them to their place of destination, where he expected to find friends to welcome them, hurried joyfully back to get his wife and little daughter ready. But upon going to his chest for the money, he found some one had been there before him. The chest was open, and his best suit, with every farthing he had in the world, except a few shillings, was gone. The hopeful spirit of the man seemed for a moment to die within him, and covering his face with his hands, he sat himself down in despair with the rest. But the recollection of his sick wife and helpless little one, soon roused him to action, and starting up, he dismissed the man whose cupidity

it was not in his power to satisfy, and went about making preparations to begin the journey on foot. This, however, the increasing illness of his wife rendered at present impossible; and so after appealing in vain to the hospitality of the neighbouring farmers, which, if they had ever had any, was now, by the frequent demands upon it of late, completely exhausted, he endeavoured to make her as comfortable as possible, by making up a bed upon the sward, and screening her from the sun by a quilt stretched above her on four poles, which he had thrust into the ground.

The morning, which had been very hot, soon became overcast, and about noon a heavy rain set in, that added greatly to the discomfort of the poor creatures scattered along the beach, for, besides wetting them completely, it put out the fires they had kindled to cook their scanty meals; and, notwithstanding all the care of her husband, poor Mrs. O'Hanlon was in a little while thoroughly drenched. But of this she seemed entirely unconscious, for her thoughts were no longer of the present but the past, and she spake of the scenes and the friends

she had left behind as if she were still among them.

"She is dying!" said O'Hanlon, clasping his hands. "Dying here, amid storm and desolation, and no one near to aid the parting spirit in its last and most terrible conflict. O God! what have I done, that thou shouldst deal thus rigorously with me!"

"Whom He loveth He chasteneth," said some one gently, as if in answer to his demand, and looking up he saw standing by his side a person who, but for the unusual benignity of his countenance, would have passed among ordinary men for an ordinary man, but in whom O'Hanlon recognised at once a priest of the Most High.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed joyfully amid his grief, "we are not altogether abandoned!"

"God never abandons those who put their trust in Him," said the stranger in the same gentle tones. "But tell me what I can do for you, for there are, alas! too many along the beach who now stand in need of my services."

O'Hanlon explained in as few words as pos-

sible the condition of his wife, when the clergyman, kneeling by her side on the wet grass, spake a few words to her in her own tongue, and in a moment the clouded mind became clear, and she answered distinctly, although in a feeble voice, "You are just in time, father, for I am dying."

The confession of the dying woman was soon made, absolution was then pronounced, and the Viaticum administered, when, even as the words, "Christian soul, depart in peace!" were uttered by the lips of the priest, the spirit of Moya O'Hanlon ascended to Him who gave it, to bear testimony against the inhospitality that had so early driven it out of its tabernacle of clay. And in a grave unmarked by cross or stone, dug by the hands of her husband beneath the bank whereon she died, sleeps the mortal part of Moya O'Hanlon, until the trump of the Archangel shall awake it unto life everlasting.



IV.

*A Struggle for Existence.*

“FAREWELL, my dearest Moya, and God rest you!” said O’Hanlon, as next morning he rose from the grave of his wife. “Loving and kind were you to me always, and ever ready to excuse the faults that others were only just, perhaps, in condemning, and may the good God now, with all His love and kindness, reward you for your unwavering truth and charity. I may never again have even the poor consolation of looking upon your grave; but, wherever my feet may wander, my heart will never travel so far from this poor spot, but that, until we meet in eternity, it will turn here daily, as to an altar, to offer up its prayers

to Heaven. And now, once more, farewell, and God rest you, Moya!" Then with a bundle over his shoulder of such things as were absolutely necessary, he took his little daughter by the hand, and set out in search of some employment, that would afford temporary support for himself and his child, for in his present impoverished state, he was not willing to present himself to his friends in the city.

But his search was a weary one; for though it was continued until the poor child became so footsore that she could walk no further, it was wholly unavailing, the farmers, who perhaps had good reason for what they said, declaring they had already had too much of "Greeks" and "Greenhorns," and would have nothing more to do with them; and it was not until he had changed his last shilling that he met with a countryman of his own, who offered him, what seemed to him, very handsome wages, to join a gang of labourers on a canal; an offer that was readily and most gratefully accepted.

This gang was made up entirely of men of his own country, and—as far as profession

went—of his own faith; but unhappily of a class that reflected no credit either upon creed or country. Ignorant as the iniquitous laws under which they were born could make them; unrestrained in their vices by the presence of a priesthood who had exercised over them a salutary authority, based upon the truest kindness, and almost brutified by the constant use of alcoholic poisons, supplied to them without stint at the store of the contractor, who cared not how they spent their earnings, provided they were spent to his profit, they were fast sinking into a state of savageness, which, as De Maistre says, is not an original condition of the human race, but one to which tribes and nations have been reduced by their wilful forgetfulness of their duty to God. Times, thank Heaven, are greatly changed since then, and the labours of the missionary priest, and of the true disciples of Father Mathew, who have sought no unhallowed union of Temperance with Politics, have not been without their reward, in the vast moral improvement of our canal labourers; yet the nightly brawls of such as those O'Hanlon was then associated with,

and their miserable "Faction fights," upon their only day of rest, have left a stain upon the Irish name in that part of the country which will not soon, if ever, be effaced.

With people like these, however much at first his heart might have warmed towards them, because they were from his own land, O'Hanlon could find no companionship; for though "among them, he was not of them," and, to separate himself as much as possible from them, he spent his Sundays, because there was no place of worship to which they could go, in wandering through the woods and fields with his little daughter, upon whose young mind he sought to impress the simple truths of Christianity, by relating in language suited to the capacity of a child of seven, the history of the meek and loving Saviour, who, stripping himself of the power and glory which had been his from eternity, became man, and suffered and died, to save his creatures from the ruin their sins had brought upon them; and of men and women, and even young boys and girls, who, by taking Him for their great exemplar, had, by their holy lives on earth, obtained the

indescribable happiness of becoming saints in Heaven. Or, he would talk to her of her mother—and then his tongue became truly eloquent, for it gave utterance to the promptings of his heart—and tell her how good, how patient, how loving, how forgetful of self she had always been; and, to keep alive within her the memory of this dear and excellent parent, he composed a little prayer, which he taught her morning and evening to repeat, in which she asked the “BLESSED AMONG WOMEN” to supply to her the place of the mother whom God had taken unto himself. For he hoped by means like these to prepare her, in some degree, for the difficulties she would have to encounter, in case of his death, among a people who were neither of her blood nor of her faith.

But unpleasant, and even painful, as the situation of O'Hanlon was, he did not deem it prudent to withdraw from it, until he should have earned enough to supply so much of the loss he had met with on the beach, as would enable him to appear among his friends in the distant city with tolerable decency. So he

toiled on manfully throughout the summer and autumn, and until the severity of winter rendered it difficult, if not almost impossible, longer to work on the canal, allowing such of his earnings as were not absolutely necessary for the support of himself and child, to accumulate in the hands of the contractor, that he might have something handsome to take with him when he should finally depart; a day that could not be far distant, but which was nearer even than he had anticipated.

For on going to work one morning he found the labourers gathered in front of the contractor's store—which was tight closed—and to all appearance greatly excited, for they were gesticulating violently, and using strong and threatening language. In the evening he would have thought nothing of this, for it was a scene only too often witnessed then. But in the morning these men, after the night's debauch, were usually listless, morose, or taciturn, and he stopped to learn what was the matter.

“Matther?” said in answer the person addressed. “Matther enough, as you’ll find to

yer cost. That bloody villain Dougherty"—the contractor—"ran off last night. May the divil run afther and overtake him, say I, Amin! and hasn't lift behind him the wrappins of your finger, and you, and you else, who was so savin' of yer arnins, is no betther off than uz, that spint thim like min."

O'Hanlon turned sick. The destitution to which he was again exposed, and the consequent sufferings of his helpless little one, rose palpably before him, and he shrank with dismay from the sight. But this was a time for action, not despondency; and returning to the shanty where he had left the child asleep, as soon as she could be got ready, he packed up their scanty wardrobe, and putting his small stock of money carefully by, in spite of the remonstrances of pride, against seeking his friends in the garb of a common labourer—the best he had—began his journey towards the east.

## V.

## Death by the Wayside.

WEARISOME and painful was the journey of these poor travellers towards the distant city. Sometimes they walked for days together, without any one offering them "a lift" in wagon or cart for even the shortest distance, and rested their tired and aching limbs at night in any barn or shed into which they were allowed to crawl. Yet, trying as all this would have been to any one of mature years and strength, this young and feeble child—this true daughter of Moya O'Hanlon—never gave utterance to a complaint, or even murmur, but strove by her innocent prattle, and little words of endearment, to remove the sad-



ness that now and then, in spite of all his manly endurance, would cloud the brow of her father. At other times they were more fortunate. Farmers, returning from market, would permit them occasionally to sit among the straw in the bottom of their wagons; and once, for O'Hanlon's assistance in carrying wood on board a steamboat, they obtained a passage of many miles down a river, along whose banks they would else have been obliged to walk, and the unspeakable luxury of two nights' sound sleep upon a tolerably decent bed, and beneath a comfortable covering.

All this time the weather, though wintry, had been mild; but the afternoon of the day they left the boat, it became intensely cold. The child—thanks to the loving care of her father—was comfortably clad, and her exertions to keep up with the man's pace, caused her blood to course so briskly through her veins, that her little frame, in spite of the severity of the weather, was quite in a glow. But with O'Hanlon it was otherwise. His clothes were thin, and, not to task too far the strength of his little daughter, he was obliged

to walk at almost a snail's pace. The consequence was that he soon became perfectly benumbed, for the cold, having every moment penetrated deeper and deeper into his heart, seemed at last to have frozen the current of life at its very source; and feeling the impossibility of continuing his journey farther, he stopped at a house a little off the road, and begged for a shelter for the night.

"We've no room here for stragglers," answered in a sharp voice a woman, whose large person was comfortably, if not gracefully, spread before a rousing nutwood fire, that sent its ruddy blaze leaping and roaring merrily up the broad chimney. "There's a rummery down the road, where I dare say you can be accommodated. A precious time we should have indeed," she continued, as with faltering steps he turned from the inhospitable door, "if we should take in every drunken feller that comes along."

"I think wife," said some one timidly, "that for this once you're mistaken. The man didn't seem drunk, but cold."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, turning to a very

small individual, who sat crouched in the corner above her. And then continued in her most impressive manner. "Let me tell *you*, Mr. Frumps, that when *I* say a man's *drunk*, he's *drunk*. I ha'n't been *your* wife for twelve years without being able to tell a drunken man when I see him. There, you've waked that yowling brat with your confounded noise; and now see that you put it to sleep again." And like an obedient husband, he turned to the cradle by his side, and, as he rocked the restless infant into a gentle slumber, sang over and over again, in "a voice of dolorous pitch," the following exquisite verse of a "Lullaby" known, probably, only to himself:

"Diddy a nan, a nan, nan, nan,  
 Diddy a nan, a nan, nan, neary.  
 Diddy a nan, nan, poppy's own man,  
 Poppy's own darling duck and deary."

In the meantime O'Hanlon had tottered on, but every moment his steps were becoming more feeble and uncertain, and when he attempted to reply to the questions or remarks of the child, his speech was so thick as hardly

to be intelligible. At this time, too, his hearing became dull, and the words addressed to him by the little girl were no longer heard, or, if heard, they were no longer understood. Still he plodded on, like one walking in his sleep, with no idea—or only a confused idea—of what he was doing, for the torpidity that was fast depriving the body of its powers, was not without its effect upon his mind, and a prayer, that forced its way up from his heart, died on his lips unuttered. The man was certainly freezing, but he knew it not, for he no longer felt the cold, and his only desire now—if anything so active as desire remained unfrozen within him—was to lie down and sleep, and lie down he did by the wayside, as calmly as he would, in happier times, have lain down in his bed for a good night's rest.

“O, dad-da, dear,” cried the child in great alarm, “what is the matter? Are you sick, or did you fall? Let me help you up,” she continued, vainly attempting to raise him from the ground. “O my, O my, how hurt you must be, when you can’t even spake to your own Aily. What will I do? what will I do?” she

added, wringing her poor little hands, and breaking into a loud cry.

"What's the matter, little gal?" asked one of two men who were passing.

"Dadda's fell," she answered, "and he can't get up."

"Some Irishman," said the other man, "who's taken too much of the 'cratur,' and lied down for a snooze."

"Irishman or no Irishman, Pete," said his companion in reply, "it 'ill not do to leave him here and night comin' on. He'd freeze to death in half an hour. Come, friend," he continued, bending over the prostrate form, "you must get up, and toddle on. You can't sleep here, you know. Jinks! how fast he is! I say, old chap, get up." He stooped down, to rouse him with a shake, when starting back he exclaimed, "Jinks! Pete, he's dead!"

"No, no!" shrieked the child, clasping her father around the neck. "Not dead! not dead! Dadda wouldn't die, and lave me here!" But he was dead; and when Mrs. Frumps heard that a stranger had been found dead in the road a little more than a mile from

her house, she not only made a boast of the inhospitality by which she had become, in the sight of God, accessory to the death of a fellow mortal, but asserted it as her belief, founded upon what she had seen, that the man had died in a drunken fit; and, except by her husband, who dared not contradict it, this assertion of belief was received by all who heard it as an undeniable truth, and reverend ministers preached to their congregations the next Sunday—not from the words of Divine admonition: “Judge not, and ye shall not be judged. Condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned,”—but from this wicked woman’s calumny; and Christian editors sent, upon the wings of the press, over the whole length and breadth of the land, her lie against the dead!

That night the body of O’Hanlon, scantily covered with an old sheet, rested upon some boards in the public room of the “Rummery,” of which Mrs. Frumps had spoken, and there all night, by that cold unconscious form, sat the daughter of the poor immigrant, rocking her little body from side to side, and uttering in a low stifled moan: “What will I do?

What will I do?" The next night the body of O'Hanlon rested in a shallow grave, dug in the frozen ground, and consecrated only by the tears of the orphan, and that orphan herself found a temporary relief from sorrow, on a pauper's bed of straw in the Poor House of the county.

## VI.

## Bickerton.

ALL the world has heard of Bickerton—so at least we Bickertonians think—with its broad avenues and palatial residences, where the rich, the proud, and the fashionable display their wealth, their arrogance, and their pretension, and its mean and most filthy lanes, called streets, and wretched abodes, where the poor, the miserable, and the vicious are housed and huddled and classed together; with its splendid churches, where well-dressed Christians in luxurious pews, make a show of devoting a small portion of one day to God, in return for the six days He has permitted them to give to the service of the world; and its



poor conventicles, where piety, run mad, makes known its fervour by violent contortions and meaningless vociferations; with its crowded wharves and blocks of stores, and, above all, its one great street of money changers, where none are permitted to dwell who are not willing to bow, not only the knee, but the heart and soul to Mammon. Of course, as we very justly suppose, all the world has heard of Bickerton, and it will, therefore, be no difficult task for us to make it known to "the rest of mankind," by simply narrating the history of two of its principal families—the Hubbards and the Scroggses. But preparatory to this, we will first take a glance at the religious condition of the place.

Now Bickerton, with its vast number of churches and conventicles, had, of course, at the time of which we write, a great variety of creeds and shades of creeds; almost as many, in fact, as there were places set apart for their exposition, for every minister or preacher, no matter what he might call himself, was at perfect liberty to believe just as much or as little as he pleased of what had been taught by the

founder of his sect; and his people, claiming for themselves the right they were willing to concede to him, received his teachings in the same spirit. Yet, notwithstanding all this clashing and discordance of opinions among the professors of religion in this model city, it was beautiful to see the love these reverend men bore to one another—in public; and the stranger who heard them only at those anniversary gatherings, where appeals were to be made to the pockets of their audiences, in favour of some grand missionary enterprise, and listened to the complimentary things that High Church Simmer and Low Church Trimmer, and Old School Blinker and New School Skinker, and Primitive Higgins, and Wesleyan Spriggins, and Whitfieldian Wiggins, and Trinitarian Riddle, and Unitarian Twiddle, and Universalist Diddle, and Free-Will Douser, and Close-Communion Souser, etc., etc., etc., said of each other, could hardly help exclaiming, with the heathen of old: "How these Christians love one another!" Nor was their love confined merely to those of the Christian family, for at the dedication of a

synagogue, they were quite as gracious and complimentary to the descendants of those who had crucified their Saviour, as they ever were to their own fellow-labourers in the Bickerton corner of the vineyard of the Lord. But all this was *in* public and *for* the public.

There was, however, another side to this picture, and it would have amused, if it had not amazed, any one who had listened to these men at the anniversaries, to "hear their absent thoughts o' ither," and their bitter denunciations in private of the soul-killing heresies, that, from the pulpit or through the press, Dr. This, or Rev. Mr. T'other was scattering broadcast over the land; and the acrimony with which each man assailed the opinions held by those who differed from him—which means that every man assailed the opinions of every other man, for no two of them thought alike even on the most important of subjects; and after all it was not difficult to perceive that the only real bond of union among them was one of hate—hatred of a portion, and by far the largest portion of those who bear the Christian name.

Yet one who heard their violent and reiterated denunciations of the obnoxious faith, the professors of which at that time among them were by no means either numerous or formidable—mostly poor and illiterate immigrants, mere “hewers of wood and drawers of water,” the men who dug down the hills, and filled the hollows, and drained the marshes in and about Bickerton, and made its streets, and carried its houses on their shoulders, and the women, who did for the Bickertoniennes all that they were too rich, too proud, too delicate, or too lazy to do for themselves, might well have asked: “Why do”—we will not say “the heathen,” but—“these people rage? Are they afraid that this handful of strangers will turn suddenly upon them, and, possessing themselves of all power in the city, convert their magnificent churches into Mass-houses for the rabble? or do they fear that the absurd doctrines, preached in bad English, in the few poor chapels into which they are gathered on Sundays and holydays, are likely to subvert the truths that emanate weekly from the pulpits of learned and pious divines?” To an-

swer these questions in the affirmative would be simply ridiculous, and therefore we shall not pretend to answer them at all, but proceed at once with our history.

## VII.

*The Hubbards and the Scroggses.*

ONE fine summer morning about forty years ago, or some time near the close of the last war with Great Britain, a tall, thin, tow-headed boy, apparently fifteen or sixteen years of age, in striped jacket and trowsers, coarse but clean shirt of home-made linen, heavy wool hat and no shoes at all, with a stout walnut stick, lately cut from its parent tree, in one hand, and a blue and white handkerchief containing a few articles of clothing in the other, stopped at the door of the principal store in the principal, or rather the only street at that time in Bickerton, and asked the owner—a heavy-looking personage in pepper-and-salt coat and pantaloons,

shining suwarrows, buff vest, of a military cut, white cravat, and shirt collar so stiff as to oblige him to turn his whole body whenever he attempted to turn his head, whom he found sitting in front of the counter, very busy in dangling the showy seals attached to a chain of thick gold links that hung from his fob—if he didn't want a boy to run o' errands, and do chores, and make himself generally useful.

The shop-keeper—*merchant* we would call him now—looked up, and answered with a melancholy shake of his head,

“No, my lad. I've little to do for myself, and certainly much less for another.”

“Well, I think in this 'ere town, you oughter have enough for three or four to du.”

“Why so?”

“Why you've a good stock on hand, I think?”

“And you think right.”

“And must ha' cost a good lot o' money, I reckon?”

“You're right again.”

“And I dare say there's people enough

about here to buy tu, if they only could afford it?"

"O there are people enough to buy, if I would let them set their own prices."

"Well, wouldn't their price be better than no price at all, and let the things spile on your hands besides?"

"Gad, boy, I don't know but you're right in that too."

"Well, now supposin' you jist try for oncet to soot your prices to people's pockets, and hire me to carr' hum the goods?"

The shopkeeper laughed, and, after inquiring a little into the history of the boy—an orphan, who had come to town to seek his fortune—took him into his store a week upon trial; and that week was extended to years.

That boy was Pelatiah Hubbard.

Pelatiah soon became an equal favourite with his employer and the public. To the former he was ever an obedient, useful, and most trustworthy servant; to the latter the most patient, attentive, and obliging of shopmen; and, as he rose in the estimation of all around him, he rose also in position, until as



a partner in the well-known and highly respected house of "Vanderzee & Hubbard," he found himself, not only first among the first in the Chamber of Commerce, but on the very topmost round of the social ladder.

But the brain of Pelatiah was not rendered giddy by his elevation. His ascent had been too gradual, not to say too laborious, for that; and from the height to which he had now attained, he looked down with a clear eye, and as clear a mind, upon the many avenues to usefulness that lay open beneath him. He loved, and was justly proud of the home of his adoption, the city that had been to him a kind and encouraging foster-mother, and it was, at least, as much for her interests as his own, that he entered with so much zeal into every plan proposed for her improvement, and for much that is best in Bickerton—her broad new streets and well constructed piers, her handsome private dwellings and imposing public buildings, her active charities and commercial enterprise—are we indebted to him who, only about forty years ago, like many hundreds of others, from that time till this, whose

names have passed into forgetfulness, came into her, poor and unknown, to seek his fortune.

Pelatiah did not marry till he was past thirty, and then his choice of a helpmeet fell upon the daughter of his former employer, and present partner, a kind, happy, indolent, but very pretty girl of eighteen, who preferred the tall, awkward, energetic man, to all the butterflies of fashion that fluttered around her—attracted partly by the beauty of the maiden, and partly by the great wealth of her father—and was loved by him with all the truth and earnestness of his nature, but with very little of what novel-readers would call passion, for of the kind of passion of which we read in novels, Pelatiah Hubbard knew nothing at all. The only fruit of this marriage was a son. But of him anon.

With the untiring industry, great shrewdness, and high moral worth which he brought with him into Bickerton, and with which he never parted, Pelatiah Hubbard brought with him also from his New England home certain prejudices to which he clung, or rather which

clung to him, with great tenacity. Among these were an undefined dislike of foreigners, and a dread, amounting almost to horror, of popery. Yet no foreigner ever asked aid of him in vain, and at the family altar his prayers were daily offered up, in a spirit of true charity, for "the conversion of all heathen nations, the returning unto the Lord of his once chosen people, and the enlightenment unto salvation of the poor idolatrous Romanists in the midst of us." And to every prayer of this kind, his good, easy-tempered wife invariably answered AMEN.

The house occupied by the Hubbards, after their fortune, and consequently their position, became secure, was one of a grand and substantial row of dark stone, built upon one of the broad avenues that Pelatiah had been instrumental in having opened in the upper part of the town, and stood between the palace of a man whose immense wealth had been obtained by the manufacture and sale of a medicine warranted to cure every known and every unknown disease, and the no less imposing residence of a popular preacher, who rejoiced

in the name of Scroggs. Both celebrated quacks, but in different lines. It is only with the latter, however, that we have at present anything to do.

Of this gentleman's antecedents very little was known in Bickerton, although it was occasionally whispered about that he had once been a shoemaker in a distant city—the very one, it was said, who not to be outdone by a rival Crispin, who had pedantically placed under his name, "*Mens conscia recti*," had boldly had painted in golden letters upon his own sign, "MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CONSCIA RECTI"—but having a spirit above mere "leather and prunella," had abandoned his original calling, and, instead of cobbling the soles of his neighbours' shoes, took to mending souls in another way. He was a person of meagre acquirements, but unbounded presumption, and possessed in a wonderful degree of the "gift of the gab," which rose at times into a kind of rude eloquence, that rendered him very popular with the masses, and particularly with a certain portion of his female hearers, one of whom was so charmed with him, while he was yet

but little known to fame, that she made a voluntary offer to him of herself and all that she possessed, which he—not dreaming of the brilliant future that was before him—was very ready to accept. This generous lady was no other than our old acquaintance Mrs. Frumps, who having, upon the ground of incompatibility of temper, divorced herself from her former husband, to whom, without any “compunctious visitings of nature,” she had freely made over “Poppy’s own darling duck and deary,” had arrived at the blissful state of widowhood without the bore and expense of a funeral, or the disagreeableness of covering her still goodly features with crape.

His first venture in the preaching line was on the side of Universalism. But this, though a pleasant religion enough, is by no means a paying one, for somehow people are generally better pleased to hear that their friends and neighbours are in danger of hell-fire, than to be assured of their own salvation; so, after two or three years spent to very little purpose, in a pecuniary sense, he pretended a sudden conversion, and going upon the other tack, as

the sailors say, preached certain damnation to all who pretended to differ from his Protestant Popeship, with so much zeal as to earn for himself the euphonious *sobriquet* of "Fire-and-Brimstone" Scroggs. This zeal was not without its reward; for in a short time the Reverend Fire-and-Brimstone was "called," from a comparatively poor congregation in the west, to the pastoral charge of Rock Church in Plymouth Place—a grey granite structure of the New-England-Barn order, upon whose cruet-shaped turret was perched a glittering Shanghai, that was forever turning his tail to the wind—to show the controlling influence of the popular breath even in religion—with a parsonage fit for a prince's dwelling, and a salary of five thousand a year. This "call," of course, was from the Lord, but, like the nigger, we are afraid, that if the Lord had called him from Rock Church back to the poor congregation, He would have called a long time before He received any answer.

At the time of his installation as pastor of Rock Church, the family of the Reverend Fire-and-Brimstone consisted of himself and

wife, the *ci-devant* Mrs. Frumps, a young lady who passed for their daughter, and was called by the servants Miss Debby Scroggs, and the nephew of the first-named, Mr. James, or, as he was familiarly called, Jim Snipson, the very "picture in little" of his reverend and celebrated uncle. Both were short and stout, but Jim was the shorter and less stout, and both had the same coarse hair, of the colour of rusty straw, the same staring whitey-blue eyes, the same flabby, colourless cheeks, the same capacious mouth, and, to make the likeness as complete as possible, the same perpetual bile on the tip of the nose. But Miss Debby was not in the least like either Mr. or Mrs. Scroggs. Her figure, though small, was beautifully moulded, and her features, without being regular, were decidedly pretty, while her clear complexion, of a healthful brown, her dark grey eyes and lustrous black hair were so unlike the complexion, hair, or eyes of either parent, that strangers might well be pardoned for doubting their propinquity.

## VIII.

## A Puzzle.

THAT intimacies may exist where there is no friendship to sustain them, is a truism which we, who pride ourselves upon our originality, would hardly be guilty of uttering, if it were not to vindicate our especial favourite, Fred Hubbard, from the charge, that has sometimes been made against him, of having been the friend of Jim Snipson. By the force of circumstances, they had been thrown much together, and hence a sort of intimacy had arisen between them; but friends they never were. How, indeed, was it possible they should be? Fred, however faulty—and we are very far from claiming anything



like perfection for him—was the personification of honesty, while Jim Snipson was one entire sham; his patriotism was a sham, his religion a sham, and his love and friendship were equally shams.

But the very honesty we so much admire in Fred gave an appearance of weakness to his character that did not belong to it, for knowing the purity of his own heart, he never suspected the guile that might lie hidden in the hearts of others, and was therefore ready to receive for truth what was too often only a specious counterfeit. He certainly did not like Jim Snipson, notwithstanding their intimacy. But this want of liking did not arise from any doubt of the sincerity of the man, from whom he was constantly hearing the most beautiful sentiments of love of country and of God, but, as he thought, merely from an undefined feeling of uncongeniality, and he frequently blamed himself, that he could not respond to the professions of friendship that seemed to flow so naturally from the lips of the other.

This same honesty was likely too to weaken,

if it did not destroy, that independence which men of our time, and particularly of our country, pride themselves most upon—independence of thought. It is well known that here in Bickerton very little is read but the newspapers; and they are read by everybody—indeed, a Bickertonian without his newspaper would be an anomaly—and people whom, from their conversation, you would suppose the most profound thinkers in the world, are, in reality, no thinkers at all, but men who only *think* they think, and who take their opinions, ready made, from the newspapers. Now Fred, like the rest of us, was a great reader of the newspapers, and as every man believes in his newspaper as implicitly as in his watch, and as Fred was particularly prone to believe in whatever carried with it an appearance of sincerity, he soon came to advance as his opinion on this subject, or on that, what was his only by purchase, and should have been set down to the credit of the “Meteor,” his favourite paper, or more properly to McMessin, its editor. Yet, once convinced of the falsity of any opinion, no

matter how fondly cherished, his native honesty not only prevented him attempting to defend it, but would oblige him at any sacrifice of feeling to reject it.

"A penny for your thoughts, Fred," said his mother one evening, after he had set almost half-an-hour on the opposite side of her work-table without speaking.

He looked up with a smile, and answered pleasantly,

"If the value of one's thoughts is in proportion to the value of their subject, mine are worth more than you have offered, and yet you shall have them for nothing. I was thinking of the girl next door."

"Which girl next door? Lobelia's red-haired daughter, or Miss Scroggs?"

"Miss Scroggs, to be sure. What a horrid name!"

"She's a pretty little thing," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"She is pretty, nay more than pretty," returned Fred. "Yet I was not thinking of her beauty just then, but of her oddities. She is the greatest puzzle I have ever met with."

"Your knowledge of the sex is rather limited, Freddy dear," observed the good lady with a smile.

"True, mother. Yet I think that any one, far better acquainted with women than I can pretend to be, would agree with me in calling Miss Scroggs a puzzle. I have seen a good deal of her lately, yet never found her twice in the same mood. She is now as merry as a kitten, and as talkative as a parrot; and again she seems borne down by the weight of some secret sorrow, and will sit in the midst of the gayest company as silent as a tombstone. At one time the most gentle, confiding, tender-hearted little creature in the world; and perhaps when next you meet her, you will find her haughty, cold, and positively cruel in the exercise of a wit that spares neither friend nor foe."

"You seem to have studied her pretty closely."

"As I would any other puzzle;—for the purpose of mastering the secret that governs or causes such contradictory moods."

"The secret, my son, does not seem to me

very difficult to master. It is simply perversity of temper. Yet, from what I have seen of her, which, however, has not been much, I should not have thought her at all the kind of person you describe. You know I do not visit Mrs. Scroggs, whose manners are not exactly to my taste, although I dare say she is a very excellent person, but I have met Miss Debby a few times in society, when she seemed not only pleasing, but very happy to please; and I sometimes see her when in the garden by herself, or attended only by one of the servants, a stout, coarse-featured woman, who appears very fond of her, and if I have any skill in reading faces, I should judge her to be naturally of a good disposition."

"So should I," remarked Fred, "if I did not see her so often in her own family. When alone with me, or when there are only acquaintances present, she can be the most delightful creature in existence. But the moment that either her father or mother appears, or her cousin Snipson, she becomes another being—taciturn, sarcastic, or defiant, according to the humour that may chance to

prevail, but never even tolerably pleasant."

"Well, that is strange," said Mrs. Hubbard; and then, as if correcting herself, she added, "and yet, perhaps, not strange after all. It is to one's family that the real disposition is oftenest manifested, and it is no uncommon thing to find the most charming people in society turning their own homes into a perfect pandemonium. Is Miss Scroggs accomplished?"

"In the fashionable sense of that phrase, I should think not. She is not a brilliant performer on the piano, although she plays a few airs very prettily. She does not speak French, nor sing Italian, nor quote Goëthe, nor talk metaphysics; and all that she really does well—I do not know that you will call it an accomplishment—is to sing a few of the 'Irish Melodies' in one of the sweetest voices I have ever heard, and with a pathos that no heart, however hard, could withstand. Then she draws indifferently well, but mostly in *caricatura*, and has a talent for poetry, which she seldom exercises, however, except in satire, directed principally against her

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cousin Snipson, whom, for some reason or other, she seems to regard with particular dislike. Here are some lines," he continued, taking a paper from his pocket, "that have been attributed to her, and no doubt justly:

"The devil once thought, as a capital plan  
To vex the Almighty, to counterfeit man,  
And taking some clay, which he moistened with spittle,  
He moulded a figure that more than a little  
Resembled the thing he ambitioned to make,  
And in his own oven then put it to bake.  
But the oven that day—as to housewives so oft  
Has happened—was *slack*, and the thing came out *soft*.  
It yet wanted life; so he filled it with gas,  
When it grinned like a monkey and brayed like an ass,  
And strutted and fumed like a gobbler at head  
Of his dames, or the sight of a rag that is red.  
"A good imitation!" the Old One then cried.  
"I'll call it Jim Snipson," and so let it slide."

"What do you think of them?"

"Of the lines themselves," answered his mother, "very little; but of the spirit that dictated them, that either it is naturally bad, or has in some way become sadly embittered."

"Not naturally bad, mother," said Fred, "but embittered certainly."

## IX.

## Debby Scroggs.

**B**UT how, it may be asked, could the spirit of this young girl become so embittered, as to render her indifferent to all that is most highly prized by those of her sex and years—the esteem and admiration of friends and acquaintances, and even the love of parents and relations? Was she a sufferer from mortified pride, or disappointed ambition, or unrequited affection? Surely, in the appearances of wealth and luxury that surrounded her, there was enough to gratify all but inordinate pride. As the daughter of the most fashionable preacher of the day, in a city where religion *à-la-mode* ranks even above



wealth, her social position was second to none; and with her beauty and natural grace, and great powers of pleasing, when she chose to exert them, it is hardly too much to say, that she could not have failed to win any heart she might deem worth the attempt to win. Yet sadly embittered her spirit most certainly was; and we, who, with the eye of authorship—we were going to say the *omniscient* eye of authorship, but that it might seem profane—are able to see with clearness what to the common observer is hidden or obscure, will reveal the cause. *Her life was a perpetual warfare.* And now for the *why*.

The Reverend Fire-and-Brimstone was a most excellent man, a most charming man, a most saintly man—in public, whose consideration for the poorest of his parishioners, and deference to his wife, and affection for his daughter and nephew, had won for him the love and veneration of all who knew him. But this same reverend gentleman was at his own fireside a morose, exacting, and most vulgar tyrant, in whom Mrs. Scroggs, whose domineering temper had made the life of poor

Frumps a daily martyrdom, acknowledged a master, and before whom even her bold spirit quailed. But, in proportion as she submitted her will to his, did she exact submission from those around her, and particularly from Debby, as the one least able to resist, for the servants, when ill-treated, could seek new places, but she, poor girl, possessed no such blessed privilege. The usages of society, as well as a consciousness of her inability to go out into the world to seek a livelihood, compelled her to abide in her present home, in which, while there were all the outward appearances of comfort, there was nothing—even if she had no positive evils to bear—that could satisfy the cravings of the heart.

But the evils she had to endure were positive; and if “the flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,” we cannot expect the tortured spirit to remain unmoved; and the spirit of Debby Scroggs—unhappily for her a most sensitive one—was subjected to daily torture, not only from the perverse disposition of Mrs. Scroggs, and the savage temper of the Rev-

erend Fire-and-Brimstone, but the persecutions to which she was exposed from Jim Snipson, who early professed himself her lover, and who now seemed determined that, if he could not gain her affections, he would, at least, make sure of her hate;—and we think in the latter he succeeded to admiration.

Besides these evils there were others hardly less endurable. Debby Scroggs had been from her earliest childhood an earnest lover of truth, and she was now condemned to live in an atmosphere of cant and hypocrisy that was almost stifling. The Reverend Fire-and-Brimstone, for the sake of his public practice, would, except in his savage moods, cant even in the midst of those who knew so well the hollowness of his professions of religion. Mrs. Scroggs, whose late adopted piety was of the "Sowerby-Creamly" order, would cant upon every occasion—in conversation with visitors, in reprehending street beggars, who, of course, were all impostors, in the taunts that were every moment, directly or indirectly, cast at her daughter, and in giving orders to the servants. Jim Snipson did nothing but cant

upon every subject brought up for discussion, and, except Fred Hubbard, every one who frequented the house, affected, no doubt, by the air of the place, joined in the universal utterance of CANT. The hatred she felt for all this, and the irritation of a grievance to which we can at present do nothing more than allude, placed her in constant antagonism to those around her, rendering her bitterly sarcastic or boldly defiant, or, at best, contemptuously silent, and stimulated into activity her dangerous, and by no means commendable, talent for satire.

But the talent of Debby for drawing and versifying was not all wasted in caricatures and lampoons. Some of her sketches, particularly of country scenes and children, were admirable for their quiet beauty, their sweetness and grace, and many of her little songs and hymns breathed the very soul of tenderness and earnest devotion. Yet, while the former were taken without her leave, or even knowledge, from her portfolio and desk, and industriously circulated among those whom they were most likely to wound or offend,

the latter were carefully hidden from every one who was disposed to think at all charitably of the poor girl, and thus each day did she become more and more an object of dislike or fear to the friends and admirers of the Reverend Fire-and-Brimstone and the devout Mrs. Scroggs, without seeming to attach one creature to herself, except now and then a servant, to whom she had been able to show some little kindness.

At the time that Mrs. Hubbard and her son were discussing the oddities, as Fred called them, of Miss Scroggs, that young lady was sitting alone in her own room, in one of her saddest moods, with a small old book in her hand, which she did not however seem to read, but only to look into, and repeatedly to kiss. She had evidently been weeping, but her tears were now dried, and the storm of grief was succeeded by a heavy calm, broken only by an occasional sigh. At length she rose, and wrapping her book in an old silk handkerchief, put it away in the bottom of a trunk, which she carefully locked, and was about to leave the

room, when she stopped a moment to listen to words, that she had heard a hundred times before, sung, with a sort of bagpipe drone, by Nancy, the stout, coarse-featured servant Mrs. Hubbard had spoken of.

“Before I was married I used to drink tay,  
But now I have nothing but buttermilk whey.  
Och, before I was married I sat in the parlour,  
But now that I’m married I sit in the corner!”

“What a woeful ditty, Nancy,” she said as she stepped into the passage. “One would think to hear your song, that you were some poor, ill-treated wife, instead of a free, whole-hearted maiden.”

“Ah, Miss, dear,” said the woman in reply, “it’s not always aisy to tell them that’s free and heart-whole from them that’s not. It’s long, long, since I’ve been either, God help me!”

“Why, Nancy, you surprise me. I’ve often thought that, if I were as free as you, I should be one of the happiest creatures in the world.”

“Why yes, Miss, I’m free enough to go

when and where I please. But, for all that, I'm not any more my own mistress than you are: 'Ded not so much; for in a little while now the law of the land will set you free; but for me there's no freedom but in death. Howsomever, we'll not talk of that now," and the woman went on with her work.

"Yes, in a little while!" said Miss Scroggs exultingly to herself; and then descended the stairs singing,

"An O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!  
An hey sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!  
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,  
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

"They snool me sair, and haud me down,  
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!  
But three short years will soon wheel roun',  
And then comes ane-and-twenty Tam!"

"Debby, my *dear*," said Mrs. Scroggs, coming out of her own room, and encountering the young lady on the stairs, "how can you waste in such profane songs the precious breath

that was given you to sing the praises of your Maker? But I could expect no better!"

An angry reply rose to the lips of Miss Scroggs, but wisely suppressing it, she passed on in silence to the parlour, where she found Fred Hubbard waiting for her cousin.



X.

*A Confab.*

IT was late when Fred returned home that evening, and, although past twenty-one, not having yet attained to the dignity of a latch-key, he found his father sitting up to admit him.

"You're late to-night, Frederick," said the old gentleman, as his son entered.

"Yes, father," answered the young man respectfully, "and I beg pardon for keeping you so long out o' bed."

"That's of no great consequence, my son; but where have you been?"

"I went with Jim Snipson up to Rock Church, in the basement of which there was a meeting, at which he wished me to be present;

and I became so interested in what was going on, that the evening passed away quite without my thinking of it."

"Was it a religious meeting?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly, although it had something of a religious character. I should, however, call it political rather than religious."

"Hum! I thought as much. But step into the parlour a moment, and tell me about this meeting. Were there many present?" he asked when they were seated.

"A good many, sir; a hundred, perhaps, or more," answered Fred.

"Did they all appear to be members of Mr. Scroggs' congregation?"

"Not all, sir; some, indeed, I know were not, for there were even ministers there of three or four other churches, besides some men that I do not think belong to any church at all."

"Were the doors open, so that any one could enter who pleased?"

"There was but one door open, and that at the back of the church, and at this a man was stationed, to whom each one who presented

himself said something in a low voice before he was admitted."

"There was speaking, of course?"

"O yes, sir, a great deal of it, and some very good speaking, too."

"But what was it all about?"

"Principally the danger to our institutions, and particularly to our Bible religion, from the great influx of foreigners nurtured in principles of government adverse to ours, and the rapid spread of popery among us."

"H-u-m-b-u-g!" said Mr. Hubbard slowly. Then added: "I have never pretended any particular love for foreigners or Romanists, and have always reprobated the course pursued by the leaders of both the great political parties of the country, in endeavouring to enlist their aid in every election, by appealing to them as foreigners or Romanists, and thereby giving them an importance in their own eyes that they do not possess, and perpetuating a distinction that should no longer be remembered. No matter where a man may have been born, the moment he declares his intention to become a citizen of this republic, he ceases to be a for-

eigner; and in a political contest there should not only be 'no North, no South,' but 'no Protestant, no Catholic; no Jew, no Gentile.' But if I have no love for, neither have I any fear of, the persons of foreign birth who come to reside among us, whose children, if not themselves, are as thoroughly American as the best of us; and as for the spread of popery, that gives me no uneasiness. 'Error is never dangerous while Reason is left free to combat it;' and here not only is reason perfectly free to combat the errors of popery, but the Bible is uplifted to crush the monster itself wherever it attempts to raise its head."

"Yet you know, sir," remarked Fred, "that one of the priests who have lately come to Bickerton, has endeavoured to have the Bible banished from our schools."

"So it is asserted, but I think not correctly. I have heard this Mr. Eldridge speak on the subject of education, and all I understood him to ask was, that the children of Romish parents, who, be it remembered, are obliged to bear their portion towards the support of our schools, should not have their religion tam-

pered with, or placed in their hands, as a school book, a version of the Scriptures that is not approved by their Church. In other words, that while it is the wish of their parents that their children should be brought up Catholics, the State has no right to make Protestants of them. And in this I agree with him perfectly. For what protestant father, I would ask, would not regard it as an injustice not to be borne, to be compelled not only to send, but to pay for sending his child to a school where the religion of his parents should be rendered, to the mind unable yet to judge for itself, either odious or contemptible? And certainly that which would be unjust towards the Protestant, can not be just towards the Romanist; and the only way in which, without a violation of the rights of conscience, or of the Constitution of our country, we may attempt to arrest the spread of popery, which seems no less an evil to me than to the noisiest declaimer against it, is to meet it openly, with the weapons of truth and reason; for anything like penal enactments, or popular excitement against it, by enlisting the sympathies of the better disposed in

favour of those who appear to be sufferers for conscience' sake, would be about as effectual as to endeavour to put out a fire with oil. Persecution, which has made martyrs, and hypocrites too, no doubt, never yet made one convert. But come, my son, let us to bed. However," added the old gentleman, as he rose to leave the parlour, "there is one thing I would warn you against before we separate. Do not allow your intimacy with this Snipson to involve you in any of the plans or plots of Scroggs and the rest of the Thugs, who seek to rise into power by humouring the weak prejudices, or exciting the bad passions of the multitude."

"*Thugs*, father, who or what are the *Thugs*?" asked Fred.

"The Thugs of Hindostan," answered his father, "are an association who believe it to be their duty to exterminate all who do not belong to their own order. They meet in secret lodges, and are bound by solemn oaths; and every member of the order is sworn to deny his connection with it, and, when interrogated, to say he knows nothing about it. When appre-

hended for their crimes and brought to justice, they claim to be persons of the greatest morality and virtue, and justify their acts by saying, that they only wish to establish the true religion, and prevent foreigners from getting control of the country."

"But surely, father, you would not compare Mr. Scroggs and his friends to those wretches?"

"Not unless they merit the comparison by their future acts. But you must confess, that the secrecy of these meetings does not speak much in favour of those who hold them. What do they call themselves?"

"The 'Order of United Americans,' or at least that I was told was the meaning of the letters 'O. U. A.' painted in large red capitals at the back of the rostrum."

"And might mean as well," said Mr. Hubbard drily, "the 'Order of Unscrupulous Adherents,' or 'Uncompromising Assailants,' or 'Unsparing Adversaries.' But, good night."

"Good night, father," returned Fred, and each retired to his own room.

## XI.

*Something about Parties.*

AMONG the highest, if not itself the highest, of all the virtues of the Bickertonians, was their great devotion to the public weal; and it was really edifying, in a selfish age like this, to hear of the wonderful sacrifices that each of the two grand parties into which they were divided was willing, nay, most anxious to make for its advancement; but which it was, somehow, always prevented from doing; for no sooner did one of these parties get into power, and thereby place itself in a position to further the interests of the city, without the slightest regard to its own, than the other, strengthened by secessionists from the dominant one; patriots



whose offers of service had not been properly appreciated, endeavoured to thwart it in its laudable designs, by turning it out; and thus the government of Bickerton, for a long time, had alternated yearly between the Tweedledums and the Tweedledees.

Now little as the foreign-born citizens were in general regarded by the Bickertonians, they rose wonderfully in importance and public estimation whenever the time came round for the immolation of some distinguished victim upon the altar of the state, and the Tweedledums and Tweedledees vied with each other in showering compliments on those who were at other times mere "Bogtrotters," or "Trog-lodytes," and in filling their ears with promises of what they would do for them, one of these days. But it happened, unfortunately, that the Tweedledees, owing, no doubt, to the natural badness of their memories, never thought of those promises when it might have been in their power to fulfil them, and it was only by the Tweedledums that they appeared to be remembered at all when patriotism came in for its reward, by a plentiful supply of soup from

the public pot. The consequence was, that the foreign-born citizen was generally found on the side of the Tweedledums, to the great injury of the Tweedledees, who were by his means deprived of the happiness, for several years in succession, of devoting themselves to the service of their country.

But though the Tweedledums had naturally better memories than the Tweedledees, and were therefore more faithful to their promises, there were among them many who did not exactly "cotton to" the strangers whose bowls were filled from the same pot as their own, albeit these strangers it was who gathered the sticks that made the fire that kept the pot a boiling; and for this good and sufficient reason, that although they all spake the same language, it was with different accents; and worshipped the same God, it was in different ways; and this want of cordiality becoming known to the Tweedledees, they very adroitly turned it to their own advantage, by alarming the jealousy of the disaffected portion of the Tweedledums, to whom they insinuated, that it was the design of our foreign-born citizens, as soon as

they should become sufficiently strong, to seize the public pot, and keep all the soup to themselves.

There was, however, besides the Tweedledums and Tweedledees, a third party in Bickerton—the Feefums, or Thugs, as they are now called in history—that, small and insignificant at first, was gradually increased by accession to its ranks of disaffected Tweedledums and disappointed Tweedledees, until it nearly swallowed up the other two, before its existence was even thought of by those who had hitherto managed the affairs of the city. The object of this party, so far as it was avowed by acts, was to form a National Guard, to protect the Public Pot from the felonious intents of the foreigners; and chief among its leaders were the reverend clergy, who had never yet had more than a distant sniff of the coveted soup, and who were constantly preaching from their pulpits the danger to which the State was exposed from the encroachments of the Church, not meaning, of course, any one of their own multitudinous churches, but the Church to which those dangerous foreigners professed to belong.

"Listen to us," they would say in private to the trading politician, "and we will prove to you, that the liberties of the country, or, what is the same thing, your individual interests are jeopardized, by admitting to a share of the public plun— we mean the public service, these men, whose tongues convict them of the crime of having been born on a foreign soil." And to the credulous and timid of their own flocks, they would cry in public: "Beware of the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, whose emissaries, headed by that Arch-Jesuit, the Priest of St. Mary's, are now in the midst of you, seeking to draw you away from the truth, and to plunge your souls into irretrievable ruin! Rome never changes. And if you allow her a foothold in this favoured land, while you are lulled into a false security, you will find the fires of Smithfield kindled here anew, at the very foot, it may be, of the Bunker Hill Monument, and hundreds of John Rogerses, followed by their wives, with each her nine helpless little ones, and one at the breast, be led to the stake before your very eyes!"

But owing to their extreme modesty, these

reverend defenders of the public property would not trust entirely to their own eloquence to move the masses to side with them in their patriotic endeavours, but, upon the western principle of making "fire fight fire," they had recourse to certain foreign auxiliaries from abroad, who, in the name of "American Liberty," were to be the assailants of the foreigners at home.

First, they brought in the Irishman Liehy, the *soi-disant* ex-Monk—whose knowledge of cloister life was not obtained, however, until a much later day, and then in a certain establishment of the State, where robbery, arson, and murder, are better rewarded than scrupulous honesty, patient drudgery, and self-sacrificing forbearance, are ever likely to be in this world. But the gross bestialities of this wretch, although they might "make the unskilful laugh," could "not but make the judicious grieve," and he was set aside, or "shelved," as they say in the theatre, to make room for one who had really been a Friar, and still claimed for himself the priestly name of "Father," the Italian mountebank Vastligassi, whose blasphemies

against all that was pure and holy were too shocking for any ears but the Scroggses of Bickerton, and the "suburban clergymen," who, like them, were desirous of filling their bowls from the "charmed pot."

But the obscenities of the one, and the blasphemies of the other, were alike innocuous for the purpose for which they had been invoked. The Bogtrotters and Troglodytes, whom they were intended to insult and exasperate, until, in a moment of justifiable anger, they should retaliate upon their assailants blows for words,—and thus merit the charge their reverend defamers had been endeavouring to fasten upon them, of being no respecters of the laws under which they lived—would not come to Rock Church or Shaftesbury Chapel to listen to them, and when they saw them reported in McMessin's "Meteor," they only wondered at the gullibility of those who could receive as true the absurd stories in which they were contained.

The poor Feefums, now almost at a nonplus, were beginning to think of letting those alone who had never interfered with them, when a

bright thought flashed suddenly upon the mind of one of the wise men of the party, who immediately cried out, "Eureka! if these people will not come to us, we must go to them." And go to them they accordingly did the very next Sunday, by proxy, in the persons of a burly, blustering, rancorous Englishman, whose native Billingsgate was scattered without stint upon "the hignorant Hirish;" and a half fool, half knave of a Scotchman, whose "Angel" trumpet—a common fish horn—was sounded at the door of every house that a foreign-born citizen was supposed to inhabit.

There is a limit to human endurance, as there must be to everything human; and when the foreign-born citizen, who for months past had heard with commendable patience from friend or foe, or seen paraded in the columns of the "Meteor," and other kindred sheets, the foulness uttered against all that he had been taught to revere, by the libidinous Liehy, and scurrile blasphemer, Vastligassi, found his very home invaded by his maligners, and taunts and insults hurled at him even at his own fireside, can we wonder that, fired with honest indignation, he

should determine to redress his own grievances in his own way, and thrust back with well-merited blows the wretches who had outraged every manly, ay, and every Christian feeling within him? The wonder would have been if he had not. And yet, for an act that in another would have been thought worthy of the highest commendation, was he cast into prison, while they who had goaded him into it were lauded by the press, and pronounced by the voice of the people—*Vox populi, vox Dei*, you know—to be the chosen apostles of a new Evangel, and sufferers for a great principle—Liberty of Speech! O TRUMPERY! O MOSES!



## XII.

### *A Little Story and other Little Things.*

“YOU surprise me, Nancy! You married?”  
said Miss Scroggs in reply to something that Nancy, who was standing at the table at which she sat at work, had said.

“Yes, ’ded, Miss, for me sins!” answered Nancy, with a sigh.

“And why for your sins?”

“Bekase I was foolitch, I suppose, and the Lord tuk that way to punish me. Ye see, Miss, bein’ an orphant, I was put to sarvice when I wasn’t higher than me knee, and continued in the wan family for more than twinty years, where I airned a good charac’ter for me-self, and a handsome penny besides. But I

wasn't purty, as you may see, and so, for all me good charac'ter and well-saved airnins, no wan ever tuk a fancy to me 'till I was more nor thirty, whin, uv all the boys that iver war, who shud make me an offer av himself but Shane M'Shane—younger than me be full five years, and as likely a lad as you'd meet in a day's walk. Och, but wasn't I uplifted? for I knew there was more nor wan av the purtiest garrils in the parish doting down upon him, and to think that my goodness, as I believed then, for I knew it wasn't me purty face, had won him from them all!

"Well, we hadn't been married a month whin Shane begged me to give him a hundred pounds, that he might go and push his fortin in Ameriky, and when he had got a comfortable home, he'd write for me to folly him. But I cudn't think av parting with him so soon, I was that fond av him, so I packed up me alls, and we come together. This, I soon larnt to me cost, wasn't what he wanted; for before half the passage was over, he began to ill-trate me, and was near layin' hands on me more nor wanst, but was previnted by some av the passengers.

"At last we wor landed at the place I towld you av, when what shud me joker do, but desart me on the beach, takin' with him all the money he cud lay his hands on belongin' to me, and some, I'm afeard, he had not so good a right to; and from that hour till this I've niver set eyes on him. And all this was, no doubt, to punish me for the foolitch consate that it was me goodness that had won him from the purty faces around, whin it was only the hard-airned penny I had saved that did it."

"'Tis a sad story, Nancy," said Miss Scroggs; "and would quite frighten me at the thought of marriage, if I had ever entertained it."

"Oh no, Miss," answered Nancy, with a smile and a sigh; "no one else's story iver frightened another from the thought av marriage. Marriage is like the say. No matter how many may have suffered shipwrack, there's always plinty more to try their fortins upon it. Now, I've a notion, that if a smart young gintleman, like Mister Fred Hubbard nixt dure—sup-osin', av coorse, that he shuited you—wor to offer himself, I very much doubt whither a dozen stories like that of poor Nancy's wad

frighten you at the thought of marryin' him."

"Why, Nancy," asked Miss Scroggs, stooping to bite off her thread, "what could have put Mr. Fred Hubbard in your head?"

"Indeed, Miss, I can't say, if it wasn't that I think him so different from the other young men about here, and trates a poor sarvant whin he meets her as if she wasn't quite a nagur; not all as one as Mr. James Snipson. But I ax yer pardon for spakin av a relation——"

"What nonsense is this, Nancy?" said the young lady, sharply, "when you know that not one drop of the puddle of the Scroggses mingles with the blood in *my* veins."

"I beg pardon, Miss; I do know it," returned Nancy. "But jist at that moment it wint out av me head. It's not much raison ye have to like 'em, to be sure; but for all that, it isn't right for ye to spake that way. They're God's cratur, as well as ourselves; and though their blood mayn't be jist av the best, it shouldn't be called a puddle, bekase it cum from Adam as well as our own."

"You are right, Nancy; the expression was certainly wrong. But the treatment I've re-

ceived from these people has ruined a temper, never, I fear, very good, and I can hardly think of them without saying or doing something I should be sorry for. I'm sure I must pass for a terrible shrew with the visitors here, and particularly with Mr. Fred Hubbard, who often looks as if he had doubts of his perfect safety in my presence. But he needn't be afraid; my bark is worse than my bite."

"He wadn't much fear either yer bark or yer bite," said Nancy, affectionately, "if he knew ye half as well as I do; and that he may wan day know ye as ye are is my prayer, at any rate."

"But, Nancy," said Miss Scroggs, as the former was leaving the room, "you haven't told me yet when you will take me to see your reverend friend."

"Will the morrow night shuit?"

"Very well, if I can get out of the house un-  
• observed."

"Let me alone for that. Then the morrow night be it." And Nancy went out, singing,

"Before I was married," &c.

## XIII.

*A Little Mystery.*

"IS Mr. Fred Hubbard in?" asked Jim Snipson at Mr. Hubbard's door, about eight o'clock the next evening.

"I'll see, sir," answered the servant; but Fred saved him the trouble of inquiry by coming out of the front parlour.

"Oh, is it you, Snipson?" he said; "come in."

"Excuse me, I haven't time. I was going down to the Shaftesbury, and wanted to take you with me."

"I cannot go this evening, being left in charge of the house. But come in, and tell us about your goodness; it won't take you long."

Now what," he asked, as they seated themselves in the parlour, "is going on at the Shaftesbury?"

"We're to have a meeting of the regulars, preparatory to the great demonstration that's to come off next week in favour of American principles; and Johnson, the celebrated Irish convert from Popery, is to speak."

"There's something in this movement that I do not rightly understand," said Fred, gravely. "It was said by yourself and others, a few months ago, to have been set on foot for the purpose of purifying the state and general governments from the corruptions which had crept into them, but particularly to restore to Americans the power of which they had been deprived by foreigners; and yet I find men, not only of foreign birth, but who have not been long enough in the country to exercise the rights of citizenship, most active in urging it forward."

"Oh, 'America for the Americans,'" said Snipson, with a laugh, "is a capital cry to bring out the masses in our favour. But we are not quite as proscriptive as we profess to be. We

do not object to foreigners as such, but only to those who adhere to a foreign religion."

"A foreign religion! Why, my dear fellow, except Mormonism, what religion have we among us that is not of foreign origin? I believe not only the Apostles, but the Reformers, whom some of us would place above the Apostles, were all foreigners in the new American sense of the word."

"But what we mean, as you very well know, by a foreign religion, is Romanism."

"And yet the Scotchman M'Messin, who, my father says, has been the warm advocate and virulent oppugner of every party in the country for the last thirty years, and who is now the stipendiary of the Thugs, as the leaders of this new movement are called, is a Catholic as well as a foreigner."

"Oh, yes, a precious Catholic! Why one Catholic like M'Messin is worth more to us than a dozen men like my reverend uncle. What he says against the Church, though it has no better basis than hatred to the priest of St. Mary's, who exposed some rascality of his a few years ago, is received as the testimony



of one who would speak in her favour if he could, and becomes 'confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ' of all that is alleged against her by her more open enemies. A dozen such Catholics as M'Messin would relieve us of very great trouble and much expense, by taking all our dirty work off our hands."

"Well, though many of the foreigners who come here are adherents to what you call this foreign religion, all Catholics are not foreigners. Indeed, some of our oldest and best American families—American in feeling as well as by birth—are Catholics. Are they, too, to be proscribed?"

"They are all in the same boat," said Snipson, shrugging his shoulders, "and must float or sink together. No one, be he foreigner or be he native, who owes allegiance to a foreign power, can expect any mercy at our hands."

"But Catholics deny that they owe allegiance to any foreign power, or that any is claimed of them by the Pope, beyond what is due to him as the head of their church in spirituals. And this denial does not come merely from individuals, or those who would like to

be thought 'liberal Catholics,' but the highest ecclesiastical authority. Here," continued Fred, taking up the "Meteor" of that morning, "is a Pastoral Letter,\* signed by an archbishop and six bishops, from which you will allow me to read an extract, that, although rather long, is worth listening to :

" 'As citizens of this great and flourishing republic, we should be grateful to God for the blessings which its noble institutions scatter among all its citizens alike, and we should fervently pray to God that he would bless and preserve the union, that he would vouchsafe mercifully to shower down abundant benedictions upon the fruits of the earth, and upon the heads of all our fellow-citizens of every class who dwell therein, and that his guiding Providence would perpetuate to us all, and to our children to the most remote generation, the glorious boon of equal rights and equal protection. Dearly should we all love the country of our birth or of our adoption ; we should faithfully observe its laws and cheerfully bear its burdens ; and if you should be called on to rally around its flag, you should be always ready to obey cheerfully the call, and, if need be, to pour out your blood in its defence. This is what we have always taught you, both publicly and privately ; and this is what you have always shown yourselves willing to do. There is not, in fact,

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\* Pastoral Letter of the First Provincial Council of Cincinnati.

a battle-field in the country, which has not been purpled by the blood of Catholic heroes, who have felt, while nobly falling in defence of their flag, how sweet it was to die for their country.

“ ‘ With such facts as these, and patent to every observer before the world, you have no cause, beloved brethren, to fear much from the terrible storm of persecution which is now raging, in this hitherto free country, against yourselves and your religion ; which was also for fifteen centuries the religion of the ancestors of those very men, who have recently discovered that they would be doing God a service by calumniating and oppressing you for conscience sake. The Catholic Church, to which you happily belong, has been the mother of learning and of civilization, and to her agency is the world chiefly indebted for whatever distinguishes civilized from savage society. You may well bear obloquy in company with the multitudinous hosts of saints and martyrs, who for so many centuries illustrated the world and humanized society by their luminous teaching and illustrious deeds. Persecution, even unto death, was the lot of the Man-God himself, and he told us : The disciple is not greater than his Master, and if they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you. And who is he that can hurt you, if you be zealous of good ? But if you suffer anything for justice sake, blessed are you ; and be not afraid of their fear, and be not troubled. Be not then solicitous, beloved brethren, to answer all the vile charges which are made falsely against your religion and your character as Christians and as citizens ; for one which you may take the pains to answer, a hundred new ones, even more unjust and atro-

cious, will spring up. Rather cast all your solicitude upon God, for he hath care of you; and if God be for us, who is against us? The best and most effectual answer you can make to all gainsayers will be your silence and your conduct: for so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. Be mindful of the warning uttered by our blessed Lord, when he sent out his disciples: Behold I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents and simple as doves.

“The divine founder of our holy religion has even pronounced a special beatitude for the consolation of those who patiently endure obloquy and persecution for His name sake: Blessed are you when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly, for my sake; be glad and rejoice, for your reward is exceedingly great in heaven. You should, then, beloved brethren, entertain no ill-will or hatred against those who ignorantly or maliciously seek to do you evil; but rather bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not; to no man rendering evil for evil, but overcoming evil by good. Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust. The Saviour clearly foretold long beforehand what has been accordingly the lot of his faithful followers in all ages, when he said: And you shall be hated by all men for my name sake, but a hair of your head shall not perish. In your patience you shall possess your souls.

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Thus will you succeed, with God's blessing, in disarming your most bitter enemies, and in proving to them, rather by your actions than by your words, that while theirs is a religion of hatred, ours is a religion of love; and therefore clearly the work of that God who is love.

“To the grievous and utterly false charge of disloyalty to this free government your best answer will be to continue to do what you have all along sought earnestly and sincerely to do—discharge faithfully all your duties as citizens of the republic, rendering to Cæsar the things that belong to Cæsar, without, at the same time, forgetting to render to God the things that belong to God. The Catholic religion exists and flourishes under all forms of civil government; it is the visible kingdom of Christ on earth, which is not of this world; it is incompatible with no well-ordered form of human government, because it interferes with none. Its sphere of action is essentially different from, and infinitely higher than, that of any merely human organization. Its ends, its means of action, its doctrines, its sacraments, and its government, all belong and look to the spiritual order. It teaches man the way to heaven, and seeks to wean his affections from this earth. It wages war with the passions, and it inculcates self-denial, obedience to constituted authority, humility, and charity. All that the Catholic Church asks of the world is a free passage through it to her proper home in the heavens. She wishes her just rights to be protected; but if, in spite of her remonstrances, they be violated, she has long and thoroughly learned, in the school of the Cross, the sublime lessons of patience and of firm reliance on that God who controls the destinies of mankind, who can re-  
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lieve, and who will protect her in his own good time, thereby verifying his own solemn promise, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Her influence is thus eminently conservative; she knows no geographical bounds, no country, and no race; she is all things to all men, to gain all to Christ; she directs the attention of all to heavenly things; and if she be occasionally forced into conflict with worldly passions and interests, she enters the lists reluctantly, and only in defence of her heaven-born rights and privileges. She unceasingly tells all her children to be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God, and those that are ordained of God; and that, therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation. Her voice is the same under whatever form of government her children, scattered over the face of the earth, may be found to dwell—to be obedient to the constituted authorities, and to the laws of the land which nurtures and protects them. To the lover of freedom she proposes as a model a higher and nobler liberty—the liberty of the glory of the children of God. She proclaims to such, with her Saviour and Founder: And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free, and with the inspired apostle of the Gentiles: Now the Lord is a spirit, and where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. She exhorts her children to temper freedom with the proper control of unruly passion: As free, and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God. In a word, she teaches her children, that while they love true liberty, they must curb passion, cherish law and order, and respect authority.

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“We appeal to you, beloved brethren, whether these have not been the lessons which we have uniformly taught you, both in our public and official communications, and in our most private conversations; and whether we have not always instructed you that the power of the Sovereign Pontiffs, which is spiritual in its objects and in its sphere of action, cannot by possibility clash with your civil allegiance, or with the different classes of duties which you owe as good citizens to the government under which you happily live. You will all bear us witness, without one dissenting voice, that such has been our invariable teaching on this subject, and that this has been also your constant belief. And such being obviously the fact—proclaimed, both officially and unofficially, more than a hundred times—you may well disregard the injurious imputations on your loyalty as citizens, originating with men who seek to do you an injury for their own selfish purposes. God will judge us all, and his day of reckoning is not distant for any one among us. We should rather pity and pray for the conversion of those well-meaning but misguided men, who, in endeavouring to injure our character as citizens, are really themselves inflicting the greatest injury upon the country, by marring the social harmony of its citizens, and impairing that brotherly love which should bind us all together.”

“My dear Hubbard,” said Snipson, who had listened with ill-concealed impatience to this long extract, and now rose to depart, “I do not doubt in the least the sincerity of the gen-

tlemen who signed that letter, though others may, and have always regarded the charge against Catholics, of disloyalty to this government, as utterly unfounded. Yet, while it serves our interests to keep up the outcry against them, I, for one, will not seek to silence it."

"Good Heavens! Snipson," exclaimed Fred, "can you, believing a charge to be untrue, for the sake of any interest, whether of an individual or a party, suffer it to continue before the world uncontradicted, and thus tacitly sanction a falsehood to the injury of your neighbour?"

Snipson had the grace to blush a little, but answered with a light laugh, "'All is fair in politics,' you know, and 'the end must justify the means.' However, as I have not time to argue the point with you now, I will bid you good-night." And so saying, he took his leave. But he did not proceed at once to Shaftesbury Chapel, as he intended; for, as he descended the steps from Mr. Hubbard's door, he saw two females coming up out of the area of Mr. Scroggs' house, one of whom was Nancy, and the other, although pretty well disguised, he



was quite sure was Miss Scroggs. His curiosity was excited, and as he was never restrained by principle or delicacy from the gratification of any feeling of the moment, he determined to follow and learn whither they were going; and after half an hour's walk, through many by-streets, saw them enter the house of the much-talked-of priest of St. Mary's.

"So, so," said he, with a malicious grin, as he turned towards the more fashionable part of the town, "you're caught at last, Madam Scorn, and will pay dearly for this evening's walk."

"'All is fair in politics,' and 'the end must justify the means,'" repeated Fred, as the door closed upon Snipson. "Can it be possible," he continued, "that a party, which claims for itself all that is pure in patriotism and holy in religion, should adopt as a principle the saying of a profligate politician, and a maxim that has been ascribed—I do not know how justly—to the very people it has been organized to oppose? With such a party, I care not by what name it may be known, no honest man can act."

## XIV.

*The Priest of St. Mary's.*

NO man, not connected with the politics of the day, was ever better abused than the Very Reverend Francis Eldridge, V. G., Priest of St. Mary's, and Administrator of the Diocese of Bickerton. He was an intermeddler, a disorganizer, a foreign emissary, and, to sum up all that is bad in one word, a Jesuit. Yet was he none of all these. He meddled in no man's affairs, nor would he suffer any man to meddle in his. He had, after much labour, brought order out of confusion. He was not a foreign emissary, nor even a foreigner by birth, but a native of the soil, and, by his father, of Puritan blood; nor was he a Jesuit, but simply a cler-

gyman who knew his duty, and who had shown an ability and a determination to do it.

The father of this gentleman was a New Englander, who claimed descent from some one of the hardy adventurers who first landed on the "Blarney Stone of America," and brought with them to the New World the seeds of piety and pharasaism, industry and intolerance, which they planted so deeply in her virgin soil, that they have since grown and flourished together, and are likely to grow and flourish together until the time of the Harvest, when the tares shall be made into bundles to be burned, but the wheat be gathered into the barn of the Husbandman; and his mother a beautiful Irishwoman, with whom his father had become acquainted in one of his trips to Ireland as master of a passenger ship.

No two people could be less alike than Captain Eldridge and his Irish wife. He was a shrewd, active business man, with little veneration for anything but success; a Christian, because he was not a Jew, and a Protestant, because he was not a Catholic, but a strictly moral man, nevertheless; while she was all her

life as simple as a child, with much of the vivid but unregulated imagination of childhood, its confiding love and unquestioning faith. And their distinct and opposite natures seemed combined, in a great degree, in their son; for in him were the strong common sense and unflagging energy of the one, united with the warm imagination and earnest religious feelings of the other; but the utilitarianism of the father—"of the earth earthy"—was elevated by the faith of Mr. Eldridge into a principle of active and far-reaching benevolence, and the fervid imagination and enthusiastic devotion of the mother were, by the mastery of a powerful will, kept by the priest of St. Mary's within the bounds of reason, and the limits of rational piety.

The administration of affairs in the diocese of Bickerton was, when placed in his hands, by no means a sinecure. The Bishop, enfeebled by age and ill health, had long confided the government of the few churches within the town to the trustees appointed by law, who were, for the most part, men who seemed to think of nothing but how they could make

most for themselves out of the power with which they were invested; and thus, while new demands were constantly made upon the congregations—who, with few exceptions, were of the poor hard-working classes—for money to provide for the decencies of public worship, the churches were every day sinking deeper into debt; and though loan after loan was raised out of the small savings of labouring men and servant maids, until many of these poor people left themselves without a dollar for their own necessities when out of health or employment, under the specious plea of saving the sacred edifices from being sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, like a lot of rubbish, their condition became worse instead of better, until priests and people despaired of anything like improvement.

In this state of their finances, but little money could, of course, be spared by the churches for educational purposes; and though they made a show of keeping up the schools attached to them, they were so badly supplied with teachers—for men of education and character could not be found to accept them at the mis-

erable pittance they could alone offer—that they were little better than none, and only for the aid afforded them by the Sisters of Charity, the catechetical instruction of the children would have been left entirely to the priests, who, few in number, were already worn down by their excessive labours. The consequence was, that parents, who saw the absolute necessity of education to the future success of their children in life, permitted them to attend the schools provided by the State, and for which they were taxed in proportion to their means, where, among the earliest lessons taught, were contempt and hatred of the faith that *their* fathers had suffered so much to preserve.

To remedy these two great evils—the Trustee system and the sectarianism of the Public Schools—was a herculean task; and a Hercules, in the person of the priest of St. Mary's, had been found to undertake it, and what he undertook he accomplished. But his success cost him dear. The trustees, from whose unholy hands he had rescued the offerings of the altar, became, with their friends, a powerful body within the church, who not only secretly

opposed every measure proposed by him for the advancement of the religion they professed to revere, but openly joined in the clamours of his more honest opponents, who charged him with the design of vesting the right to all church property in himself, that through him it might one day be transferred to the Pope; and without there was a still more powerful body, of insane bigots and designing knaves, who, at public meetings and through the press, loaded him with obloquy for his daring attempt at priestly dictation, in excluding the Bible—meaning, of course, King James's Bible—from the schools of the State—which, however, he never did—and thereby establishing the domination of Rome in the very heart of “a Protestant country,” and in the midst of an “eminently religious people,” to the subversion of all those “inalienable rights and privileges, for the establishment of which our brave forefathers fought, and bled, and died!” Ahem! The Priest of St. Mary's was a man, and as a man he could not but suffer from the shafts of malignity that assailed him at every step; but he was also a Christian, and received in a

Christian spirit whatever he was made to bear for the sake of Him whose life was a life of suffering and of sorrow, and whose death was a death of agony and of shame. Yet even here he was not without his reward, in the gradual but certain elevation of his people in the social scale, and the great increase of handsome and flourishing churches.



XV.

*A Discovery.*

"**A**H, my good girl, is that you?" said Mr. Eldridge, stopping in his usual meditative walk up and down the apartment, that was at once his study and parlour, and addressing our acquaintance Nancy, who stood curtsying at the half-open door: "Come in. This," he continued, bowing courteously to the young female who timidly followed her into the room, and motioning them to seats, "is the young lady, I presume, you spoke to me this morning about?"

"It is, yer reverence," said Nancy, with a curtsy, and then seating herself uncomfortably on the edge of her chair.

"And what, my child," he asked kindly, as he sat down in front of them, "can I do for you?"

"Advise me, sir," answered the person addressed, in a slightly tremulous voice.

"That will I with much pleasure. Part of your story I have already heard from our good Nancy here. But until I know it all, I cannot tell how far my advice would be of service to you. You are the child of Irish Catholic parents, who died when you were very young?"

"I am. My mother died on the beach where we were landed, and my father was struck down by the cold the next winter, and died in the road."

"Poor child! And then you were adopted by these Scroggses?"

"No, sir. I became a town charge, and was bound to Mrs. Scroggs, then Mrs. Frumps, until I should reach the age of eighteen."

"But now you bear their name, and are supposed to be their daughter?"

"I bear their name, sir, because they wished, by familiarizing me with a new one, to make me forget my own, and the people from whom

I came, and by passing me upon the world for their daughter, they hoped to contradict a report that had preceded them to Bickerton, of their late and not very respectable union, by showing that the mother of a grown-up girl could not be the Mrs. Frumps who had parted from her lawful husband but a few years before."

"Yet how easy it would have been, and how natural too, in your intercourse with your young companions, to have revealed the secret they were so anxious to conceal."

"I had no young companions, sir, nor hardly an acquaintance of my own sex and age, for the young females who visited at the house were 'awakened sinners,' or 'anxious inquirers,' or self-righteous 'professors,' between whom and me there always existed a barrier of dislike as impassable almost as a wall of fire—and this barrier, I am satisfied, was kept up by those who passed in the world for my parents."

"They seem, however," said Mr. Eldridge, "not to have acted ungenerously towards you in the way of education."

"They owed it to our pretended relation-

ship," returned the young lady, "to educate me decently. But they were actuated by a still more powerful motive, than respect for the opinions of the world, in the education they provided for me. They wished, by sowing thick around it the tares of false reason and poisonous sectarianism, to stifle the small germ of truth—my only inheritance—that was still living within me."

"In spite of education, then, and the dangerous example of all around you, you were still a Catholic at heart? This was truly the work of the Lord! But by what means was this germ preserved?"

"When my father lay dead in the public-house to which he had been taken, a book, wrapped carefully up in an old silk handkerchief, fell from his pocket on the floor. It was a book he used every day to read, and every day to cry over, because it had been my mother's. I picked it up, and hid it in my bosom, and have managed ever since to keep it, sometimes by hiding it in one place and sometimes in another, until I was allowed to have a trunk of my own, when I placed it se-

curely under lock and key. It was a book of devotion, in which, when I learned to read, I found not only a great number of excellent prayers, but a pretty full exposition of the Catholic faith; and whenever I heard that faith impugned—a faith to which I clung because it had been that of my venerated parents—I had recourse to my little book, and laying its teachings to my heart, bade my mind to be at peace. To that book, and a prayer to our Blessed Lady, taught me by my father, which I have never failed at night to repeat, I owe my preservation from error.”

“You say your mother died on the beach where you were landed. How long is that ago?” asked the priest.

“Eleven years this summer,” was the answer.

“Eleven years this summer I was on the beach at ——, which, I presume, is the place you mean, and heard the confessions of many poor creatures who were in a dying state. Your mother might have been among them.”

“I remember that a gentleman did come in the midst of a heavy rain, and kneel down by the side of my mother, who lay under a sort of

awning that my father had made. But it could not have been you, sir, for he spoke to her in Irish."

"Yet I it was, my child. From my mother, whose only companion I was for many years, during the long absences of my father at sea, I learned her language, and it has been of infinite service to me in the exercise of my ministry among the poor people coming from your country. But all this time I have not thought to ask your real name."

"It is Aileen O'Hanlon, sir."

"It was the name of my mother," said Mr. Eldridge. "But can this be possible? Was your father's name Manus?"

"It was," answered Aileen, as we must henceforth call her who in her little world was at that time known as Miss Debby Scroggs; "or so at least I judge, from finding on a fly-leaf of my little book the record of the birth of an 'Aileen,' meaning me, no doubt, the daughter of Manus and Moya O'Hanlon."

"Wonderful indeed are the ways of Providence," said the priest, rising and extending both his hands to Aileen. "In me, to whom, as

a stranger, you came for advice, you have not only found such a friend as my priestly character obliges me to be to all, but your nearest relation. Your father was my mother's only brother, whom she expected to come to her that very season. She died, too, the next winter, and I have since been too busy in my ministry to make any inquiry about him."

"O Heaven! I thank thee," exclaimed the delighted girl, as soon as she could sufficiently overcome her emotion to speak, "that I have at last found one heart upon whose affection I have a natural claim!"

"Didn't I tell ye," said Nancy, almost as much delighted as the young lady herself, "that something good wad come av it, if ye'd only come and tell yer story to the priest? And see now!"

"And something good will come of it, I hope, Nancy," said the priest; "for this poor child shall no longer be left to the mercy of those people. To-night, however, I can do nothing. But to-morrow, with God's blessing, I will provide a home for her, where she will at least find peace; and then, in my character

of relation and natural guardian, call upon Mr. Scroggs, and make a formal demand for her."

"A demand," said Aileen, "that I do not think he will be so foolish as to resist, for to-morrow I am legally my own mistress."

"That is well. And now, my children, you must leave me. Patrick will see you to the home that must be yours for one night longer, Aileen; and now, God bless you both, and good night.



## XVI.

### A Rescue.

"A CHARMING evening, Miss Finch," said Mrs. Scroggs's own woman, Rebecca Screw, to Jemima Finch, the personal attendant of Mrs. Hubbard, as they met at the iron railing which separated the courts in front of the houses of Messrs. Hubbard and Scroggs, where these ladies were in the habit of meeting almost every evening to have a little dish of gossip.

"A very charming evening, indeed, Miss Screw," assented Miss Finch; "yet I shouldn't be surprised if we have rain soon."

"Neither should I. There's no telling one minute now-a-days what may happen the next.

We live in a very uncertain world, Miss Finch!" and Miss Screw sighed.

"We do, indeed, Miss Screw!" and Miss Finch also sighed.

"We've had some changes here to-day," said Miss Screw, in a low, confidential tone, "that nobody thought on this morning."

"Do tell!"

"Miss Debby Scroggs, you know?"

"Yes."

"Went off to-day——"

"With a feller?"

"Sort o'."

"Between ourselves," said Miss Finch, with a rueful shake of the head, "I was always afraid that that gal would do something bad some day."

"So was I," remarked Miss Screw, with an emphatic nod; "but I didn't think 'twould be quite as bad as 'tis."

"How bad her parents must feel!"

"Her parents, my dear?" and Miss Screw's voice fell still lower, and became more confidential. "Why they a'n't her parents at all."

"*What!*"

"They a'n't her parents any more than they are mine."

"You don't say?"

"Fact!"

"Well you *do* surprise me!"

"I thought this morning," pursued Miss Screw, "that there was something wrong, for I saw Mr. Jeemes and his uncle in deep conversation before breakfast, and the old gentleman was a good deal flustered. Then he marched up stairs to his wife's room, and sent for Miss Scroggs to come down, when I was requested to leave. But one can hear sometimes, you know, when one can't see, and so I managed to hear what was said quite as well as if I had stayed in the room.

" 'May I ask, Miss Scroggs,' said the minister, mocking like, 'where you were last evening?'

" 'Yes, sir,' she answered, in a brazen way, 'and I am ready to answer. I was at the house of the Reverend Mr. Eldridge.'

" 'My Lord!' exclaimed Mrs. Scroggs, 'she has even the impudence to acknowledge it.'

" 'Please, ma'am, don't interfere,' said Mr.

Scroggs, very snappish. 'And what, Miss, took you to the house of that Priest of Baal?'

" 'To consult with one who is both a Christian and a *gentleman*, what it would be best for me to do when I should become my own mistress,' said she, as cool as a cucumber.

" 'Debby Scroggs!' said he, stamping his foot.

" 'Hold, Mr. Scroggs,' said she, interrupting him; 'the farce is at an end; I am eighteen to-day; and the Debby Scroggs of the play—the bond-maid of Mrs. Frumps—resumes, with her freedom, her own name of Aileen O'Hanlon.'

" 'This is all that Nancy's doings,' said Mrs. Scroggs, 'and she shall tramp for it this very day.'

" 'Then we shall probably leave the house together,' said Miss Scroggs, or whatever her name is, as she flounced out of the room, and run cabunk! against me, who, by the merest accident, was just by the door, and almost knocked me down."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Miss Finch.

"About eleven o'clock," continued Miss

Screw, "a carriage druv up, and a gentleman getting out, sent in his card by the servant that answered the bell, and was immediately shown into the library, where, John said, there was a pretty high time between him and Mr. Scroggs. But after a while Mr. Scroggs gave in, and then Miss O'Hanlon, as the gentleman called her that was Miss Scroggs, came down stairs, followed by Irish Nancy, and they were both handed into the coach by the gentleman, and all three of them were driv off together."

"But who *was* the gentleman?" asked Miss Finch.

"That man they talk so much about in the papers—the Priest of St Mary's."

"Goodness me!"

That night, for the first time in more than eleven years, Aileen O'Hanlon lay down to sleep with a heart wholly at rest. And yet, before the active inmates of the "House of Mercy," in which she had found a temporary home, began the discharge of their first duty—which was to

God—her new-found peace was seriously menaced by placards upon almost every dead wall throughout the city, in which all true lovers of religious liberty were called upon to rise in their might, and rescue from the nefarious toils of popery, into which she had fallen, and the den of infamy in which she was then imprisoned, the beautiful daughter of a pious and most exemplary minister of the Church of God! —a call that was only too readily responded to.

## XVII.

### *An Honour Declined.*

“WELL, Frederick,” asked Mr. Hubbard, the morning after Aileen’s removal from the loving care of the Reverend Fire-and-Brimstone and his amiable lady, “what news of your friends the Thugs? How do they succeed?”

“Unfortunately, too well,” answered Fred, with an indignant flushing of the cheek.

“From that I should judge,” said his father, “that you don’t think as highly of them now as you did a short time ago.”

“Simply, father, because I know them better than I did a short time ago. From the representations of Snipson and others, and particularly from the editorials of the ‘Meteor,’ I was

led at one time to regard the new organization as something essential to the preservation of our liberties; and, although a little shaken by your admonition, not to allow myself to be mixed up in the plans and plots of its leaders, I still thought sufficiently well of it to become an initiated member—a sworn Brother of the Order. I am not at liberty, sir, to reveal all that I know of those you so aptly named the ‘Thugs of America;’ but this much I can and will say, that no real lover of his country—no man who is a Christian in more than name—no true gentleman, can possibly belong to a party so unscrupulous, proscriptive, and cowardly as this.”

“Hey-day! what have they done to excite all this indignation? Refused some office that you had set your heart upon?”

“So far from that, sir, I have received from them an offer of a seat in the Legislature of the State.”

“Which you have not accepted?”

“Certainly not, father. It would be presumptuous in one of my inexperience in public affairs to accept a nomination of this kind from



any party. But, with my knowledge of the designs of these people, it would be worse than presumptuous, it would be wicked, to accept it from the Thugs. I have declined, sir, positively and unequivocally, in a letter which, if it meets your approbation, I will send to them this morning." And hereupon Fred took from its envelope the following letter, which he gave the old gentleman to read :

"GENTLEMEN,

"With more surprise than pleasure I received the communication made by your messenger last night, that you have chosen me, among others, to represent this city in the next legislative assembly of the State; for, after the explicit manner in which I have, on more than one occasion, declared against the principles put forth by your Order, I cannot regard your nomination as at all flattering, as it proves either that you deem me insincere in my professions, or too infirm of purpose to adhere to them when opposed by interest or some other paltry consideration. I beg, gentlemen, you will know me better. As the lover of my race and of my country, and the friend of religious freedom, I first declared against the principles of your Order; and as the lover of my race and of my country, and the friend of religious freedom, I now reiterate the declaration against them that I then made in the Lodge; and allow me also to repeat, in connection with the arguments I there made use of, the language of as staunch a

Protestant and as true an American as the best among you :\*

“ ‘You propose to destroy liberty of conscience itself, by proscribing the members of the Roman Catholic religion from all offices, whether high or low—thus not only persecuting these men for opinion’s sake, but introducing a religious test as a qualification for office. I know it is said, that this proscription from office is no persecution, because it is not accompanied by corporal sufferance ; but is there not moral degradation, and does not that often carry with it a far keener pang to the sensitive spirit than the most severe physical punishment? You say that the Roman Catholic is unworthy to enjoy the full privileges of a citizen, or to fill the meanest office ; that men of all other religions and sects, Mahomedans, Buddhists, even Infidels and Atheists, may be capable of holding office, but he is incapable, because he cannot be trusted as being loyal and patriotic ; you fix upon his brow the brand of political inferiority, and, after wounding him thus in the point of honour, you say he has suffered no punishment. Is not such moral isolation to a noble and sensitive mind, more than bodily incarceration sometimes ?

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;”

“ ‘You may confine a man’s body, and if he enjoys the respect and kindly feelings of his race, who look to him as a martyr in a noble cause, he bears up cheerfully under it all ; but not so if you exclude him from the pale of human sympathy, and expose him to public insult and moral isolation,

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\* Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia.

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in the midst of his kind. It is vain to say, that this is no punishment for opinion sake. In a country like this, where office has heretofore been open to all, the exclusion would be more keenly felt than in others, where the privilege was not so extensive. The act for the establishment of religious freedom, passed by Virginia in 1786, and upon which Mr. Jefferson prided himself so much as to reckon it, along with the Declaration of Independence, amongst things for which he ought to be remembered by posterity, declared "that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever, nor shall he be enforced, restrained, molested, or burdened in his body or goods, nor shall he otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinion or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain their opinions in matters of religion; and that the same shall in no wise *diminish*, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities." Such were the ideas of the old fathers of our State, and may the day never come when they shall be treated as obsolete!

"But the Federal Constitution has also something to say on this subject. It expressly declares, "that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office, or public trust, under the United States." Now, this was manifestly a provision in favour of religious freedom, and it was intended to secure the reality, and not the idea—the thing, and not the name—the substance, and not the shadow.

"The thing designed to be secured was, that the offices should be thrown open to persons of all religious persuasions, and that no man's opinion on that subject should incapacitate him for that privilege. Now we obey this

injunction in the letter when we forbear to pass a law establishing such tests; but do we not violate its spirit if we transfer the deed from the representative to the constituent body, and bind this last, by vows and pledges, to vote for no man for office who is himself a Catholic, or who would appoint members of that religion to office? We may preserve the shadow of the constitutional provision, but do we not sacrifice the substance, by such an evasion? or, will it be maintained, that the Constitution binds us only as members of the government, and not as individual citizens? Surely this is a poor view of such a question. I care not in what capacity it be, whether as representatives or constituents, that we violate the spirit and defeat the objects of the Constitution; in either case, we sap and mine the foundations of our government, and disregard our plainest obligations as citizens.

“But can there be any political danger from allowing men of all religious persuasions to vote? By doing so, you certainly widen the basis upon which our government stands, and increase the number of those who are bound to it by the ties of sympathy and interest. Where can be the danger, so long as political proceedings are open and public, and representative and constituent can question each other face to face? If a representative is with you on political tests, does it matter, so far as the politician is concerned, what are his opinions on other subjects? Will not a Catholic who agrees with you on all the political issues, and differs from you in religion, make you a better legislative representative than a Protestant who agrees with you in religion, but differs from you on all matters of political principle?

Is it not entirely in our power to ascertain how they stand, when tried by their political tests, so long as political action is open and public? If there be danger from such a toleration, it can only exist when political deliberations and actions are veiled in secrecy. I know that an attempt has been made to except the Catholic from the operation of the great principle of religious toleration, by maintaining that he is proscribed for civil, rather than religious reasons, because he is said to acknowledge the supremacy of the Church over the State, in temporal matters.

“Such a distinction does not in truth exist. The Catholic of the present day no more admits the supremacy of the Church in temporal matters than the Protestant—their difference is in regard to spiritual concerns. The Protestant maintains the right of private judgment in matters of conscience. The Catholic believes that, in spiritual affairs, the decisions of the Church ought to overrule the individual judgment. But Protestants and Catholics, all Christian churches and individuals believe, that the allegiance which they owe to God is higher than any obligation to man; and that in a conflict between human and divine laws, you must serve God rather than man.

“But how can such an opinion interfere with the capacity of a citizen to discharge his political duties, unless the civil government undertakes to legislate upon religious subjects, and to draw spiritual matters under a temporal jurisdiction, instead of keeping them apart, as was ordered by Christ, when he said: “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s;” and as has been our practice heretofore in the administration of civil affairs?

“But suppose we once commence with this work of proscribing Catholics for their religious opinions, where is it to end? With the Catholics? Trust not so vain a delusion. The jealousy of religious bigotry is a thing which grows with what it feeds upon. Next we shall hear that the Quaker is to be proscribed for civil rather than religious reasons: he will not defend his country in time of war. Then there is much to criticise in the government of this church, and grave objections to that of another. One is arbitrary, and of a character unsuited to free institutions; another is aristocratic, and unfitted to the genius of a democratic people. Some, too, may be suspected of an effort to engross the political offices and power of the country, and appropriate them to their own members. If they proscribe others, they must themselves be proscribed; and in this new era of secret political associations, there is room given for every suspicion, and opportunities are afforded for the most dangerous combinations. Who does not know the peculiar susceptibilities of sectarian jealousy? Who can fail to see the dangers of the warfare which would thus spring up amongst the different Christian sects?

“It seems to me far better to pursue the present practice; tolerate all religions, and leave each church free to pursue its mission in its own way, and to select the most appropriate field for its labours. If you then have more churches, you have more Christians also; and if there must be a human tribunal to sit upon their differences, let it be that of public opinion. Here is a jurisdiction which can take charge of matters far too delicate for the positive regulation of government. Questions of morals, of honour, of social and

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personal propriety, which involve distinctions far too nice, and shades of colouring far too delicate, to be defined by positive law, may be satisfactorily adjusted here. Here, too, is a field of battle where none can be injured, where reason furnishes the only weapons, and truth must be the gainer, no matter who comes out victor in the contest. On this side we know there will be peace and safety; on the other there must be danger and discord. And we are to run all this risk, for what? Because, you say, there is a probability that the interests of the Church may clash with those of the State, and that, in such a case, the American Catholic might vote, not according to his duties as a citizen, but to his feelings as a churchman. Take your own supposition, this is but a remote possibility, a case of mere chance; but if you proscribe the Catholic for his religion, you make that danger certain of which there was but a chance before. You put him under the ban; you refuse him the equal privileges of a citizen, and stamp upon him the brand of inferiority. His first object, then, is to remove that stigma. He no longer acts with the great parties of the country, according to his opinions upon political issues which concern all; but his first object is to remove the oppression under which he labours, and he feels justified in voting in any manner to secure that end. The very thing which you dread will assuredly come to pass, and, through your own agency, he will vote, not as an American citizen, but as a Catholic; he will no longer come forward, as now, to give your government a ready and cheerful support; that government is no longer bound to him by the ties of interest and sympathy if it proscribes and oppresses him.

He will become indifferent and perhaps hostile to the government, which has treated him as an alien and as a member of an inferior caste of society. Why estrange one who is so valuable as a friend, and convert him, perhaps, into an enemy?

“‘But, fellow-citizens, I went a little too far when I said it was proposed to proscribe Catholics from all offices in the country. There are some offices which the sons and daughters of that Church are still considered competent to discharge. I mean the offices of Christian charity, of ministration to the sick. The Sister of Charity may enter yonder pest-house, from whose dread portals the bravest and strongest man quails and shrinks; she may breathe there the breath of the pestilence which walks abroad in the mansion of misery, in order to minister to disease where it is most loathsome, and to relieve suffering where it is most helpless. There, too, the tones of her voice may be heard mingling with the last accents of human despair, to soothe the fainting soul as she points through the gloom of the dark valley of the shadow of death to the cross of Christ, which stands transfigured in celestial light, to bridge the way from earth to heaven; and when cholera or yellow fever invades your cities, the Catholic priest may refuse to take refuge in flight, holding the place of the true soldier of the Cross, to be by the sick man’s bed even though death pervades the air, because he may there tender the ministrations of his holy office to those who need them most.

“‘But your party is not content with proscribing Catholics, and treating them as aliens in the bosom of American society. There are about twenty-two hundred thousand foreigners



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amongst us, and these, too, are to be considered as incapable of holding office under the government. Not only are they to be forever disqualified for office, but hereafter the term of probation for naturalization is to be so lengthened as to make the law itself illusory. It is to be observed, that what is proposed to be done, will not diminish much the number of emigrants who hereafter will come to our shores, nor was it probably intended, when this Order originated, that such an effect should be produced, for reasons which I will presently give. The proposed policy will deteriorate the quality of the emigration—it will shut out men of fortune and education—because they prefer our institutions, and desire to incorporate themselves into the great body of American society, to share its privileges and partake of its destiny; it will cut off those, too, who come here from choice, not from any desire or expectation of office, but who would be unwilling to live where they could never be capable of holding it. But all those who move from necessity, for the means of subsistence, must still come, for even you will “give them leave to toil.” Then these constitute the great mass of foreign emigrants that come to our shores. The question then is, as to their treatment after they reach here. Shall they be denied all political franchises? Shall they be treated as aliens in our midst, and thus made indifferent, or perhaps hostile to our government and institutions? Or shall they be treated, as heretofore, by our fathers and ourselves, who have sought to bind them to our country by the ties of sympathy and interest, and for that purpose have held out a reasonable hope, that a place should be made for them in our political society, as soon as

they can show, by certain evidences, that they are fit for it!

“Here is an immense power in the midst of us. The question is, how shall it be treated? Shall we bind it to us by the kindly ties of affection, and the still stronger bonds of interest, or shall we alienate and estrange it? In all the great operations of society, certain evils are incidental, which must be provided for as they arise, not by destroying, but by regulating the system. So, too, the process of assimilating the foreign element into American society has its incidental evils, which may be met as the special cases arise; for some, the police powers of the States are ample, and others may be guarded against by the Federal government, without disturbing the general features of the process itself. What I maintain is, that this new element ought to be assimilated with the great body of American society, as far as it can be done, and that a place ought to be made for the foreigner in our political society, as soon as a reasonable evidence is given of his being fit for it.

“The proscriptive means which are proposed, if the right of suffrage be left to the foreigner, will certainly produce the evil which it is proposed to remedy. The foreigner will vote, not as an American citizen, upon the general merits of political issues, but as a foreigner, to remove the ban under which he lies. But if you disfranchise him entirely, then you alienate this immense power in the bosom of your system of society. For it is an immense force now, and will continue to be so, notwithstanding political disabilities, whilst there is so great a demand for the means of subsistence. This is quite a new experiment in the conduct of society, and has not been tried except in those cases where

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one portion has actually subjugated another. The naturalization laws of old States, already filled with people, and to which the emigration is next to nothing, can afford no precedents to us. Here they still come in great numbers, and it is not even proposed to exclude them. The sole question is as to their treatment after they reach our shores. Shall we make them friends or enemies? It has been our ancient policy to cultivate their friendship. Why not continue to pursue it?"

"With these remarks, gentlemen, I take leave of your Order, and respectfully, but most positively, decline the tendered nomination.

"Your very humble servant,

"FREDERICK VANDERZEE HUBBARD.

"Messrs. FLEER, BOUNCE, and FLUMMERY,  
Committee, &c."

"Well put, my son," said Mr. Hubbard, returning the letter, "and he that would not subscribe to the sentiments you have there embodied, is no American at heart."

## XVIII.

*Leaves from a Journal.*

“FREE! FREE! What volumes of happiness are condensed in that little word! Not health to the sick, not home to the exile, not assured love to the yearning heart has half its power of inebriating the spirit with joy. The blood rushes through my veins, like a stream that has overborne the feeble contrivances of man to impede its course; my heart bounds, like a wild steed of the plains escaped from the lasso of his captor; my head reels with the intoxication of delight as I write it; and, as at the voice of the angel the chains fell from St. Peter, so at the utterance of the word FREE! have the chains, that kept all that was good

within me under subjection to whatever was evil in my nature, been sundered, and I have at this moment no feeling but love for any of my kind. I could not, if I would, hate even Jim Snipson. My reverend and revered cousin—the dear Father Eldridge—laughs at the extravagances of which I am every moment guilty; the good Sisters smile to hear me, whenever we meet, trilling forth, like a bird, some happy lay, and Nancy, who has found a temporary home under the same roof with me, tells me a dozen times a day, that she wishes Mr. Fred Hubbard could see what a changed ‘cratur’ I am. Yes, I am a changed creature, for am I not FREE?”

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“Who will say that he is not influenced by the opinions or prejudices of those around him? No one could well have less respect for the opinions of others than I had always had for those of the people among whom I was placed. I knew how false was much that I heard from my teachers and elders, and how false was much that I found in the books, which

were given me to read, respecting the religion of my dear dead parents. Yet the twaddle of these very people, and the falsehoods of those dishonest books, gave, in spite of my better reason, a colouring to my views of many things closely connected with the religion I really held in reverence. At the bottom of my heart there was a feeling nearly akin to dislike, not unmingled with fear, towards priests, and a positive horror of nunneries. I had so often heard the first described as a set of clever, but designing men, who made use of their sacred office for purposes of worldly ambition—seeking, for their own ends, to govern through their consciences the actions of believers, and the latter as prisons of the most dreary character, in which every spark of natural feeling is crushed out of the hearts of their most miserable inmates, that I more than half believed those descriptions to be true; and it was not without many misgivings, that I was prevailed upon by Nancy to make the acquaintance of Father Eldridge, or that I yielded to his wish to take up my abode for a while in the ‘House of Mercy.’

"Well, here I am in a nunnery. Actually 'immured,' as novel writers say, 'in a convent!' And how does the reality answer the idea I had formed of a nunnery? Has it massive walls, and high, grated windows, and dark passages, and narrow, gloomy cells? and are its inmates old, and withered, and sour, and sanctimonious? Why, not exactly. The house, a modern one—like most of the better class of houses in Bickerton—was originally built for a fashionable boarding school, and has, of course, all that is understood by modern improvements, even to baths and gas, and the Sisters are as pleasant a set of ladies—ladies in the best sense of the word,—and some of them quite young and really pretty—as can be found in any drawing room in the city, and—which struck me at first as strange among professedly religious people—utterly without cant."

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"Father Eldridge, whose fortune is ample, wishes to settle upon me what will provide handsomely for all my wants, and has given me my choice, either to remain as a pensioner in

the 'House of Mercy,' or to take board with some respectable family. But his offer I will not accept. I am young and healthy, with able hands and a willing mind to earn my own living; then why should his charity, which is now the chief support of a great many deserving poor, be diverted from its proper channel, to enable me to waste the time and talents—whatever they are—that God has given me, in unproductive idleness? I will be indebted to his bounty, only until I can obtain some means of providing for myself, which, I think, can be best done by teaching."

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"In passing through the hall this morning, I encountered Mrs. Hubbard, who, I afterwards learned, had come to engage a servant, the 'House of Mercy' affording to a large number of poor unfriended females of this class, when out of employment, a safe and pleasant home. Though by no means intimate with this lady—who, indeed, was I intimate with?—I had long felt grateful to her, for certain little kindnesses I had received from her the few times we chanced



to meet in society, which, however slight in themselves, were of great value to one in my isolated condition, and yielding to an impulse of pleasure at this unexpected meeting, I advanced towards her, with a warmth of manner not warranted by our slight acquaintance, and offered her my hand. This she accepted, but with a coldness that fell like ice upon my heart, and said, rather stiffly, as I thought,

“‘I hope you are well, Miss Scroggs.’

“Tears sprung to my eyes, and, in a moment of wounded pride, I was about to leave her without any reply, when it occurred to me, that if she had known my real story, she would not have received me in this manner.

“‘I beg pardon, madam,’ I then said, ‘for troubling you with the affairs of one so unimportant as myself, but, from the name you just gave me, I am led to believe that you have not heard of the recent change in my condition.’

“‘I merely heard,’ she returned, still coldly, ‘that in a moment of infatuation, you abandoned your father’s house, to become a voluntary prisoner within these walls.’

“‘Abandoned my father’s house? My dear

madam, I had no father's house to abandon.' And thereupon, in as few words as possible, I told her my whole story.

"'My poor child!' said the dear kind lady, taking my hand in both of hers; 'how wrongfully you have been judged. But never mind. I will make every thing right as far as I can. Dear! how glad Fred will be to hear all this.'"

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"'How glad Fred will be to hear all this.' Why did my cheeks tingle and my heart flutter to hear these words? Of course he will be pleased to hear that the poor girl, whose anomalous position—for he is too clear-sighted not to have seen that such it was—must often have excited his wonder, if it did not awaken his pity, is removed from a situation that was by no means calculated to develope her better qualities, and placed where she is likely to be more useful, and consequently more happy. He is too kind by nature, too generous minded, not to be pleased at a favourable change in the circumstances of any one situated as I have

been;—but that is all. And is not that enough? Certainly it is, or at least, it ought to be.

“But what is this that Nancy tells me? Mrs. Hubbard and Mr. Fred below and waiting to see me? This is an attention I did not expect, and for which I am more grateful than I can well express; yet, my tardiness in going to them does not look as if their visit was altogether a welcome one.”

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“I cannot believe—well as I know the Scroggses and their set—that any injury can be meditated against me, or those who have so kindly given me a home, as Mrs. Hubbard and her son seem to think, and which they urged me to avoid, by taking up my abode with them. This was most kind; but I am not of so much importance as the fears of my friends would make me, and cannot think I am running any risk by remaining where I am. But if evil must come, I hope it will fall on me alone, and not upon the holy and useful inmates of this house, which is indeed the ‘House of Mercy.’

“But what means this alarm? There is a cry through the house, in which I hear repeated the name of Father Eldridge. ‘Poor Father Eldridge!’ is upon every tongue. Why poor? And what of Father Eldridge?”

## XIX.

### Outrage.

AY, what of Father Eldridge? We will answer. It was near midnight, and Father Eldridge, just returned from a sick call, was about to retire to rest, when a violent ringing of the bell summoned him to the door, where he found an old woman, who, in a voice almost choked with emotion, begged him, for God's sake, to go with her to her husband, who was lying in the agony of death. He was sadly fatigued, and mind and body both, which had been severely tasked throughout the day and evening, were greatly in need of repose. But no thought of self ever prevented his performance of a duty, and, jaded as he was, he pre-

pared at once to accompany, or rather to follow her, for he was careful never to walk side by side with a woman.

Accustomed as he was to seek the suffering members of his flock in parts of the city in which honest poverty is too often found burrowing in the same den with vice, he did not think it strange that his conductress should lead him, through filthy lanes and blind alleys, to a quarter of the town where gross debauchery held nocturnal carnival, "making night hideous" with ribald songs and horrid blasphemies, and filling with pain the sorrowing heart of the man of God.

Arrived at a tumble-down house, with two ever open doors, one of which admitted customers to a drinking shop of the lowest description, and the other tenants and visitors to a long narrow entry, whose only light was from the street lamp, burning dimly in front of it, his conductress stopped a moment, and bidding him mind the broken step he was to mount, entered the second of these, and, passing through the entry, led him across a yard almost filled with rubbish, and down into the

basement of a long low building in the rear, where she left him for a moment, as she said, to prepare the dying man for his visit.

The room in which he now found himself was very large, with dirty walls and low blackened ceiling, lighted by a tallow candle stuck in a tin sconce near the door, and entirely without furniture, except a few benches piled up at one end. It had no fireplace, and its few small windows were closely boarded up on the inside, so that, although the night was quite cold, the atmosphere of the place was almost suffocating, and he would gladly have opened the door by which they had entered, to admit a little fresh air, but, rather to his surprise, found it locked, and the key taken away.

In a few minutes the door on the opposite side of the room, at which the old woman had left, was opened, and ten or a dozen men, shabbily dressed, and with blackened faces, entered and formed a circle around him.

"Francis Eldridge," said one, in whose voice he fancied he could detect the tones of his late conductress, "do you know why you have been brought here to-night?"

"I do not," he answered, calmly.

"Can you not think?"

"I cannot."

"Were you not apprised, a month ago and more, that your presumptuous meddling in the affairs of the city, was, unless instantly desisted from, likely to bring you into trouble?"

"I did, about a month ago, receive a letter from some nameless scribbler, threatening me with the speedy vengeance of certain self-constituted redressers of public wrongs, if I did not cease to exercise the rights of a citizen, or perform the duties of a priest of the Most High."

"And you still persisted in your obnoxious course?"

"I still persisted," he answered firmly, "as I ever shall persist, with God's help, in doing that which my duty clearly points out to me to do."

"We are not disposed to deal harshly with you," said the spokesman of the party, "and are quite willing to overlook the past, if you will swear to us upon this bauble," holding up



a crucifix, "to leave Bickerton to-morrow, never to return."

"It is not at the option of the humble labourer in God's vineyard what part of the field he shall cultivate. That rests with those above him. I came to Bickerton in obedience to my superiors, and here I shall remain until they send me hence, or until the Lord of the vineyard shall summon me into his presence."

"Then you will not leave Bickerton?"

"Not while it is my duty to remain."

"And you will not desist from meddling in our school affairs?"

"I will do all in my power to prevent the souls of the young, entrusted to my care, from being led into error, either by bad books or the lessons of bigoted, if not unprincipled teachers."

"Enough!" cried the leader. "Now, gentlemen, the horse."

Hereupon two of the party withdrew for a moment, and returned with such a rail as farmers use for fences, when two others took hold of the priest, whom they held firmly between

them, while the rest proceeded to divest him of his clothes.

"If it is your intention to murder me," he said, "be so far merciful as to tell me so, that I may not go wholly unprepared into the presence of my God and yours."

"Have no fear of death," returned the speaker. Then added mockingly, "'The blood of the martyrs,' you know, 'is the seed of the Church,' and as we have no wish to propagate that, we will not spill your blood to-night, but only give you a slight foretaste of what we have in store for intermeddlers."

By this time they had stripped him of every thing but his drawers, when setting him astride on the rail, where two of them continued to hold him, they bore him about the room with a prancing gait that, however amusing it might have been to them, was almost death to him; yet, although his lips frequently moved, as if in prayer, he uttered not a single word.

"Will you now leave Bickerton?" was demanded of him when placed again upon his feet.

"You have had my answer," he returned, in

a voice in which the most delicate ear could not have detected the slightest tremour.

"Then we must finish our first lesson."

A bench was here brought down, on which he was made to sit. Then a bucket of tar and a bag of feathers were produced, and after smearing his whole body thickly with the tar, the bag was opened, and its contents shaken over him, until scarce any resemblance to humanity remained in his appearance; and in this condition, with a threat that if he did not leave Bickerton, worse treatment was in store for him, he was left by his tormentors to dress himself as well as he could, and crawl back to his home, which he succeeded with much pain in reaching, just as, bright and clear, the day came forth from the east, but fainted the moment he crossed its threshold.\*

It was the report of this outrage upon the priest of St. Mary's, that caused the commotion in the "House of Mercy," and the frequent exclamations of, "Poor Father Eldridge!"

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\* For an account of the brutal treatment of Father Bapst by certain of the people of Ellsworth, Maine, see Appendix to SHEA'S "History of the Catholic Missions."

## XX.

*A Public Call and Private Discussion.*

THE commotion excited by the vile outrage upon the person of Father Eldridge, who had been robbed as well as maltreated, was not confined to the "House of Mercy;" his parish of St. Mary's; or even to the people of his own faith. There were men in Bickerton then, as, thank Heaven! there are still in every part of our own beloved land, whose love of right was greater than their hatred of popery—and this is saying a great deal for their love of right; and by these, numbering among them many of the most distinguished and influential citizens of every creed and party, a call was immediately issued for a public meeting, at which

resolutions were passed condemning, in the strongest terms, the disgraceful proceedings of the perpetrators of the outrage, and the evil influences under which they had acted, for little as they loved the religion of the sufferer, his fearless discharge of the duties of his ministry, and his own irreproachable life, had commanded the admiration and won the respect of all who knew him.

"I was surprised," said Fred Hubbard, in the evening, "to see Mr. Scroggs figuring as one of the vice-presidents at the meeting this afternoon, and Jim Snipson acting as secretary."

"A capital *ruse*, as you call it in French, on their part," said Mr. Hubbard, "to shift the odium of the villainous act, which public opinion was disposed to fasten upon them, to other shoulders. But it won't do."

"Then you still think that this act was not without their knowledge?"

"I still think that if the walls of Rock Church could speak, they would have a story to tell about the devisers of the plan that was carried into execution the night before last, which our reverend neighbour, and his hopeful

nephew, would hardly be willing that the world should hear."

"O, father," said good Mrs. Hubbard, "you shouldn't put such uncharitable thoughts into Freddy's head."

"My dear Christina," returned Mr. Hubbard, "Frederick is no longer a child, and however praiseworthy it may be 'to think the best we can of human kind,' it is not always wise, nor even charitable to do so; and, as a man, he must learn to discriminate between human frailties, for which he cannot have too much charity, and real wickedness, whether it cloaks itself in the garb of religion, or walks shamelessly forth in naked deformity, which he cannot too severely condemn. Had I known nothing of the secret meetings in Rock Church, where, as it is believed, the mischievous demonstration to come off next week was first spoken of, or were that demonstration now abandoned, I might have had some faith in the sincerity of Scroggs and the rest of the Thugs, who contrived to mix themselves up with the meeting of to-day, when they joined so vociferously in the condemnation of the

outrage committed upon an unoffending man. But I have known of those meetings, and I do know that the proposed demonstration can have been designed for one purpose only, to exasperate our foreign-born citizens, else why should the line of march laid down be through the streets in which most of them live, when there are so many others, wider and better, avoided or overlooked? but to make sure of their object, this injury to a beloved pastor was planned, to create a ferment in the minds of these people, and prepare for acts of retaliation; and where was this so likely to be done as in the basement of Rock Church?"

"I dare say you are right, Pelatiah, as you generally are," said his gentle wife, "but I hope not."

"And so do I, my dear; for I would rather own myself in the wrong a thousand times, than be right once in my bad opinion of another."

"Did you see the Mayor as you intended, father?" asked Fred.

"I did; but fear there is no hope in that quarter. He does not anticipate any disturb-

ance from the demonstration, and refuses to hold the military in readiness to prevent what is never likely to happen."

"'An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure,'" sagely remarked Mrs. Hubbard.

"I urged him, at least, to increase the police force; but this he also refused, on account of the expence it would be to the city. I then, with the gentlemen who accompanied me, offered to defray whatever extra expence might be incurred; but he still refused, saying that the appearance of such a force would be more likely to lead to riot than prevent it; and so we came away without effecting any good."

"Well," said Fred manfully, "he cannot prevent others doing what he will not do himself. There are sixty muskets in our company, and every one of them pledged to the defence of unoffending citizens."

"'Discretion, my dear boy,'" said Mr. Hubbard, "'is the better part of valour.' Should you, in defence of the unoffending, unless called upon by the proper authority to do so, shoot down one of the offenders, you would



become amenable to the charge of murder."

"Good Heavens, Fred!" exclaimed his mother, "never think of such a thing! Why to hear such a charge against you, however innocent you might be, would be the death of me."

"Don't be alarmed," said her husband kindly. "Frederick has a mind too well balanced to allow his sympathies to get the better of his judgment."

Fred blushed, for he knew that he did not deserve this compliment, but he meant to in the future.

## XXI.

*The Demonstration.*

IT was a beautiful October morning, bright and breezy, and the smiling faces, and elastic steps of those you met, told, more plainly than words, how completely the spirit of man harmonized with the day. The city, too, wore a pleasant look, and seemed dressed as for a holiday, with banners floating from her public buildings and principal hotels, and even from some of her churches; and beautiful ladies were in her streets, in whose attire were displayed, in every possible combination, three particular colours—red, white, and blue. Indeed, these three colours seemed favourites this day with almost every one, for you saw them

in the small bunches of narrow ribbon that dangled from the button-holes, or were fastened with golden shields bearing the figures "67," or stars with "A" in the centre, or, eagles with this letter in their beaks, to the breasts of the coats or waistcoats of more than half the men, and full nine-tenths of the boys in the principal thoroughfares.

It was a beautiful morning, and, to add to the pleasure you felt in the bright face of heaven, and the animating breeze, came ever and anon upon the ear, the sounds of music, not alone of the

"Shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,"

but of all the instruments that compose a "Brass Band," which, as they came nearer, made the blood dance in your veins, and elevated your head, and gave you, without the consent of your will, the step and bearing of a soldier. And all this beauty, and gayety, and music, were but so many auxiliaries to the grand pageant which was this day to delight the crowds that were beginning already to line the

streets, but which was also to leave behind it a memorial written in blood.

It was the day of the great "Demonstration," by which foreignism—not, of course, Kossuth-foreignism, or red-republican-French-foreignism, or radical-English-foreignism, or infidel-German-foreignism, but—popish-foreignism, was to be frightened out of the land. And, certainly, if display could have done it, or pictures could have done it, or mottoes, without wit, and very little pertinence, could have done it, or even forged quotations could have done it, there would be very little of it left in the country at this day to write or wrangle about. For was there not a splendid *cortége*, as the newspapers say, of men and boys afoot and on horses, and Honourables and Reverends in barouches? Were there not banners, on which were painted, "as large as life and twice as natural," the pope in the talons of the devil, and Martin Luther unchaining the Bible that D'Aubigné tells us about in his pleasant romance, which some have foolishly mistaken for a history of the Reformation, and other things of the kind? Were there not enough, and to spare, of

such mottoes, as "Americans to rule America;" "No foreign Domination;" "The Bible the best School Book;" "Down with the Pope;" "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," etc., etc. And were not the bold forgeries, bearing the names of WASHINGTON and LA FAYETTE: "Let none but Americans be placed on guard," and "If ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed, it will be by Romish priests," made as conspicuous as possible? Yes, and yet, with all this, and something more to be spoken of hereafter, Foreignism has stood its ground even until the present hour.

On came the pageant, now almost dancing to the gayest of national airs, the ever-cheering "Yankee Doodle," now moving boldly forward to our noble "Star-spangled Banner," and now beating the earth to the majestic "Hail Columbia," and men shouted, and women waved handkerchiefs and table cloths from windows and balconies, and little boys threw up their caps and hurraed as it passed; and, to judge from the "entusimusy" every where exhibited, nothing could have been more in accordance

with the feelings of the masses, than this manifestation of hatred of the poor foreigners, and of the religion of an insignificant portion of the people of Bickerton.

On came the pageant; and at its head was a beautiful car, drawn by four milk-white horses, profusely decorated with ribbons of the favourite colours, upon which, lying open on a reading desk of elegant workmanship—we regret that we do not know the name of the maker—under a rich canopy, surmounted by a golden eagle—or gilt, which is just the same—was borne a splendid Bible, presented by the pious, liberal, and conscientious H——s, for the occasion, and on either side of it, as supporters, walked four distinguished gentlemen, in the paraphernalia of some Order; and ever as it passed there were cries of “The Bible forever!” “The people will have the Bible!” and one enthusiastic individual, with a luminous face, shouted forth, in the excess of devotional feeling, “Ay, damme, that’s the book! No shutting it up from the people! He that wouldn’t fight priests and pope, and God Al-

mighty himself in defence of the Bible, is no true American !”

But at this moment there was great confusion in the immediate neighbourhood of the car. A stout, coarse-featured woman had forced her way through the crowd, and rushing to the side of one of the Bible supporters, threw her arms around him, and held him in a bear-like embrace.

“O, Shane! Shane!” she exclaimed in Irish, “villain and thief as I know you to be, I never thought you would so far disgrace the name you bear, as to deny the religion of your fathers, and turn traitor to your God!”

“Take this woman away,” he said, with a face livid with rage, to some policemen, who then came up. “She’s drunk.”

“I’m neither drunk, nor mad,” said our friend Nancy, for she it was, “and that he knows as well as that I am his wife.”

“You hear her,” he said, forcibly loosening her hold, and giving her into the hands of the police. “Take her away.” And every one around believing her to be either drunk or mad, by claiming for her husband the cele-

brated Irish convert Johnson, without the interposition of a single voice in her favour, she was lugged off—an appropriate phrase—by the police, and would soon have found herself within the walls of a prison, if she had not been met by Fred Hubbard, who, by appealing to the sympathies of her captor's palm, effected her release. In the meantime the pageant had moved on, and as it turned into "Little Dublin," as the street principally inhabited by the Irish was called in contempt, the band, very judiciously, struck up "Boyne Water."



XXII.

Little Dublin.

"LITTLE Dublin," was among the oldest parts of Bickerton, comprising within itself indeed at one time almost the whole of the city, and, notwithstanding the changes every where going on around it, still retained much of its original appearance, being narrow and ill-paved, with walks that would hardly admit two abreast, and houses, mostly of wood, of two stories in height, with small windows, and doors formed of an upper and lower part, and broad wooden stoops with comfortable seats. But if the houses were not large, the families that now occupied them certainly were. It has been said that the command, or whatever

it may be called, that was given to our first parents, "Increase and multiply," has been obeyed by no people so fully as by the Irish, and one had only to pass through "Little Dublin" any fine evening, to be satisfied of the truth of the saying, for not only would he see the windows, doors, and *stoops* of its old-fashioned tenements filled with a goodly proportion of the future men and women of America, but the walks, and sometimes the street itself, swarming with them.

The Irish, without the clannishness of their Scottish relatives, are a peculiarly gregarious race. Where one takes up his abode another is sure to follow, and so on, until in the cities where they dwell, they form whole districts by themselves. "Little Dublin" was one of these. One family from the "old country" coming into it had necessarily brought others, until the original settlers of the place were obliged to look out for new habitations, their old ones having been taken possession of by these strangers, who soon turned the quiet Dutch street into a noisy Irish one, where there was plenty of fun, and no little fighting, almost

every day and night in the year, as was to be expected among a people whose natural gayety whole ages of suffering have been unable to "crush out" of the national heart, and whose gunpowder tempers it required only the merest spark at any time to set in a blaze.

"Little Dublin" was in the parish of St. Mary's, and among the first, and not the least, of the undertakings of its excellent pastor, was to introduce into this portion of his charge, something of the decorum more becoming a Christian people than had hitherto marked the conduct of the dwellers in "Little Dublin," whose lives had unfortunately been but little in accordance with the principles of the religion they professed, and had only too often given just grounds for reproach from their more circumspect neighbours. To do this he began with the young, whom he gathered into schools, where manners and morals were attended to with no less care than reading and writing, and through their influence he extended his refining process to the parents, for however indifferent men and women may appear to the opinions of the world, they are generally

anxious to retain their superiority in the eyes of their children.

Yet little comparatively could be done in the way of reform, while the evil of intemperance was permitted to go unchecked, and where every other cellar was turned into a dram shop; this evil had become an epidemic that could only be arrested by the most vigorous measures on the part of him who attempted to deal with it. But the strength of Mr. Eldridge did not waste itself in wordy declamation, or denunciations from the pulpit, of the vice he wished to correct, but, taking with him some of the medals that have been so blessed in the hands of Father Mathew, he went with them from house to house, and to every family in each house, and by earnest appeals to their religious feelings, and, what was even more powerful in most, their national pride, prevailed upon whole families to join with him in the temperance pledge; and the example of these was not lost upon their neighbours, who, if they did not become teetotallers, strove thenceforth to use without abusing that which is unlawful only in its excess.

But while labouring for the moral and social elevation of this people, Father Eldridge did not, as a less judicious reformer would have done, seek the destruction of habits, not evil in themselves, which had become a second nature, or the abrogation of customs to which, because they had come from "home," they now clung with the tenacity of the heart to a first love. "Let them dance," said the good and wise Fenelon to an over-zealous curé, who complained that the peasants would dance on Sunday afternoons, and "Let them enjoy themselves in their own way," said the priest of St. Mary's, "since they will not enjoy themselves in ours. Let them have their set days and seasons, and their social gatherings, where the aged meet to smoke and talk over old times, and the young for 'a bit of innocent divarsion,' when it matters not how much they 'welt the flure,' as long as they do not welt one another. There is no more sin in a jig or a song than there is religion in a long face." So they still adhered to many of the customs of their native land, and enjoyed, without fear of the priest, their frequent gatherings.

Now among their set times and seasons, there was one day, or rather night, that was considered hardly less sacred to mirth in "Little Dublin," than it had ever been in the beautiful island from which the great majority of the people of "Little Dublin" had come, the observance of which, though a custom of heathen times, when, after the gathering in of the fruits of the earth, a feast was held to Beal, or the sun, the God of the Irish, as it had its origin in human gratitude for the favour of heaven, if not positively sanctioned, was never, we believe, formally prohibited by the Church, the clergy generally contenting themselves by inveighing—to very little purpose, we are afraid—against the superstitious practices that too often attended it, practices that, in spite of her rigid Calvinism, so greatly prevail in Scotland. This was All-Saints'-eve, the "Halloween" of the Scotch, and universally called "Holi-eve" by the Irish and their descendants.

And Holi-eve, to which the young had looked forward for months with such anticipations of pleasure, and which was no less welcome to the old than to the young, with its

nuts and its apples, its tricks and conjurations, was near at hand, for it was already the afternoon of the last day of October; and that was a poor family indeed in which something beyond the ordinary fare was not prepared for supper, or a few apples and nuts, those to be ducked for and these to be eaten or burned, according to the inclinations or fancies of the parties present, were not provided, and throughout "Little Dublin,"

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

But there was one family in particular who had looked forward with more than ordinary pleasure to the coming of this Holi-eve. Patrick Scanlon had come to this country some years before, leaving behind him a young wife, an aged father and mother, and three sisters. Out of his earnings, as a mere labourer, he first paid the passage of his wife, and then of his oldest sister, with whose assistance, in little more than a year after, he was able to pay the passages of the other two, when, by clubbing the slender means of all four, they, in little more than two years from that time, were

enabled to bring out the old people, towards whose support they had in the meantime liberally contributed. They were now only little more than a week in the country, and their arrival was to be celebrated this evening by a grand gathering of relations and friends, who were to keep their Holi-eve under the roof of Patrick Scanlon.

Old Scanlon was sitting with his youngest grandchild on his knee, when the pageant turned into "Little Dublin."

"Moosic, moosic," said the little one, jumping down, and toddling towards the door.

The grandfather followed, and took him up in his arms, that he might have a better view of the sight. But when aware of the air to which that gay procession was marching, an air, to judge from the heart-burnings and bloodshed to which it has so often been the prelude, must have had for its composer the devil—the real "Sam"—himself, he turned away with a feeling of bitterness that did not often find place in his kind old heart.

At this moment a pistol—whether by accident or design we cannot say—was discharged



by some one in the procession, when immediately a cry was raised, that the Irish were firing upon them from their houses, a cry that was followed by an instantaneous discharge of firearms to the right and left, and a pistol ball entering the breast of the old man, he fell heavily forward, crushing out in his fall the young life he would have died a thousand deaths to save.

It would not be easy to describe the confusion that ensued. There were but few men at home at this time, and these were either the aged, or those who were unable by sickness to have gone to work, and the whole place seemed given up to women and children, who had crowded every window, door, and stoop, from which a sight could be had of the approaching pageant, and who, upon the firing of the first volley, shrieking, disappeared within their houses. But as the majority of the pious processionists had come armed with revolvers, which they now discharged in rapid succession, these poor women, made desperate by their fears, although many of them were covered with their own blood, or that of their children,

rallied in defence of their lives and homes, and returned the fire of their assailants with stones and brickbats, and every missile they could most easily command, until scores of the aggressors were made, in poetic language, "to bite the dust," or, in plain prose, were knocked down in the street, and trodden almost to death by their companions. In the meantime, the driver of the Bible-car, putting his horses to their speed, was soon out of danger, and the riders in the barouches, "the Black Guards," as, on account of their "customary suits of solemn black," they were called, turned tail on the first appearance of disturbance, and drove back to the general rendezvous by a different route.

The news of this rencontre was—without the expence of an "Extra"—spread rapidly through the city, and while the Thugs were constantly receiving reinforcements from the crowds in the streets, the women of "Little Dublin" were not long left to act on the defensive alone, but were soon joined by husbands and fathers, and lovers and brothers, who, the moment the rumour reached them, quitted their work, and bearing with them shovels and hoes, and hods,

and picks, and crows, and whatever else they were using at the time, now to be turned into implements of war, hurried to the scene of conflict, and threw themselves into the thickest of the fight, where they did men's duty, until finding their homes in a flame, in the vain hope of saving their little property, and the lives of the dear ones shut up within them, they unwillingly turned from one enemy to encounter another hardly more cruel or unsparing. And then as many of the Thugs as were still uninjured rushed forward to a new object of attack, crying one to another, "To the Church! to the Church!"

## XXIII.

*The Rescue.*

JUSTLY apprehensive of the result, when he saw the procession leave Grand Avenue for "Little Dublin," Fred Hubbard, mingling with the crowds upon the walks, had followed it until the report of fire-arms assured him that the anticipated evil was already begun. He then hurried to the office of the chief magistrate, to beg that his company, if no more, might be ordered out, to quell the riot before it should become uncontrollable, and thus preserve the character and peace of the city. But the Mayor, who had no hope of reëlection but from the Thugs, whom he was therefore unwilling to offend, turned a deaf ear to his request; offering, however, if the disturbance should

continue, to go and read the Riot Act instead.

"Read the devil, sir," said Fred impatiently; "I beg your pardon; but one round of musketry at this moment would be worth all the Riot Acts in the world." And he was about to leave the office, when the Reverend Fire-and-Brimstone dashed in.

"O, your Honour!" he exclaimed, "let the military, I pray you, be ordered out at once, or there won't be one of us left alive by night-fall. The Irish, with the fury of demons, are rushing through the streets, shouting 'Remember Father Eldridge!' and murdering every person that falls into their hands."

Orders were thereupon issued for certain companies, of which Fred's was one, to place themselves immediately under arms, and with these the Mayor and a number of his officers proceeded towards "Little Dublin."

But the scene of strife was changed. "Little Dublin" was now a blazing ruin, and no longer afforded room for the combatants, who were gathered around the beautiful church of St. Mary, some determined not to leave of it "a stone upon a stone," and others to save it at

any hazard to themselves—its friends, however, doing it almost as much injury as its enemies, for, in returning the fire of the latter with paving-stones, and missiles of that kind, they had, by misdirection, destroyed many of the exquisitely stained windows of the sacred edifice, and mutilated the fine statues of the Apostles Peter and Paul, that stood in niches on either side of the great entrance, which the assailants were trying to force. And here the Mayor began to read the Riot Act, and was received with shouts of derision from all sides, until—actuated, however, more by pique than a sense of duty—he ordered the troops to fire.

The “House of Mercy”—obnoxious to the mob on account of the shelter it had given to Aileen—was in the rear of the church, and to save it from the destruction to which the latter was too certainly devoted, was the first thought of Fred, who placed his men so as to defend it at every assailable point. But hardly was this done when a window in the second story was thrown up, and Nancy called down to him :

“O for the love of Heaven, Mr. Fred, save poor Miss Aileen.”

"I will," he answered, "and all of you. Don't be alarmed."

"But she's not here. She's in the church."

"In the church? Great Heaven! and that is already in possession of the mob. Yet I will save her, or die in the attempt." And placing his lieutenant in command, he was hurrying off, when she again called out to him:

"Och you'll niver reach her be the front dure. Here, I'll let you through the house, and you must climb the wall at the ind of the garden, and get into the church by the sa-crishty."

The next day—All-Saints-Day—one of the great feasts of the church was to be celebrated in St. Mary's with unusual splendour, and Aileen, who had begged to be permitted to dress the altar for the occasion, was in the church for that purpose, when a sound, like the roar of many waters, drew her attention from the delightful task in which she was employed. She listened, and it came nearer, accompanied by the measured tread of a mighty host. Presently a shout was raised, as if a thousand voices had been united in one, fol-

lowed by the sharp report of fire-arms and shrieks of human agony; and while she was wondering what all this could mean, one of the windows was dashed in, and a large stone struck the railing of the altar within a foot of where she stood. This was followed by another and another, mingled with pistol balls, that, whizzing by her, were flattened against the marble altar, or graceful iron pillars that supported the roof, or buried in the carved wood work of the pulpit or panels of the galleries. Then a crash was heard, for the great door, yielding to the assaults and pressure from without, had given way, and a troop of demons, rather than men, rushed in, and, jumping, whooping, and blaspheming, began to demolish the pews, and piling the fragments of them in the middle of the floor, set fire to and danced around them.

The terror of poor Aileen was now become pitiable in the extreme. She would have retreated to the sacristy, but unfortunately the door between that and the body of the church was locked on the other side, Father Eldridge having, through inadvertence, turned the key



upon her after she had passed through, and then gone to a distant part of the town to attend a sick call, and to attempt egress by the front entrance, through which the rabble was pouring with the force of a mountain stream, would be worse than useless; so, crouching down at the feet of a statue of the Blessed Virgin that stood at the Gospel side of the altar, she lifted up her clasped hands and eyes to heaven and cried,

“O Thou who hast ever been a mother to the motherless, do not forsake me now in this my sore distress!”

At this moment she was caught up by some one, and borne rapidly away;—down the steps of the altar;—down through the sacristy, and out into the church-yard; and it was not until she was set down upon a slab, which marked the resting-place of one who had borne his part manfully in the great battle of life, that she was fully aware to whom it was she was indebted for her deliverance, and looking up into his face, she exclaimed,

“Saved, and by you! Thank Heaven!” and fainted.

Fred, following the directions of Nancy, had found no great difficulty in scaling the garden wall, or getting into the church by the door of the sacristy, in which Father Eldridge had left the key, and was thus in time to save Aileen from certain death, for the fire kindled on the floor soon spread throughout the building, the galleries being entirely of wood, and an hour after nothing remained of this beautiful edifice but the blackened walls.

By the timely arrival of the military the "House of Mercy" was spared, and hither were brought many of the wounded of both parties, the Sisters tending with equal care both friends and enemies. Among these were Jim Snipson and the Irish convert, Johnson, both of whom died ere their wounds could be dressed; one crying most piteously for mercy, and the other blaspheming the God into whose presence he was now to appear; and on the person of the former was found the watch, and on that of the latter the valuable gold snuff-box of which Father Eldridge had been despoiled on the night of the outrage. How came they by them?

## XXIV.

### *Conclusion.*

THE election came, and, contrary to the expectations entertained for the last month, passed without any excitement, for the fever, that had been for some time raging in the public veins, having reached a crisis, in the destructive riots of the week before, there was a consequent prostration of the powers of the body so great that the members seemed hardly able to perform the duties required of them, and men went mechanically to the polls, with an appearance of indifference to the result that was to be produced by their votes altogether unusual. This result was generally in favour of the Feefums, or Thugs, and among the suc-

cessful candidates of this party, as if to console him for the loss of his nephew, whom he mourned with more than an uncle's sorrow, was the Reverend Fire-and-Brimstone, who was elected to a seat in the Senate of the State, a seat that he was, however, destined never to fill, for a man of the name of Frumps came boldly out in the papers, with a declaration that the Reverend Senator elect, who was an Englishman by birth, had never become a citizen of the United States, and as that gentleman could not show that he had, his election was declared null. But, as if in verification of the old saying, that "misfortunes never come single," his rejection as a senator was followed almost immediately by dismissal from the pastoral charge of Rock Church; and thereupon he withdrew from Bickerton, and the last we heard of him was from Salt Lake, where he bids fair to rival the renowned Brigham Young, not alone in his popularity as a preacher of Joe Smith's gospel, but the number of his wives. Among these, however, the first Mrs. Scroggs, *alias* Frumps, is not to be reckoned. From the hurry of his departure, he quite forgot to take

that amiable lady with him, but left her to the care of her former friends, who have kindly provided her with a home—at the public expence—on a beautiful island within sight, but out of hearing of the hubbub of the city.

About six months after this, Fred Hubbard one morning sought and obtained an interview with the priest of St. Mary's.

"You ask," said the Reverend gentleman, near its close, "the hand of my cousin Aileen, in the belief that you already possess her heart."

"In the hope, sir," said Fred.

"Well, in the *hope* then," continued the priest, smiling, "which, with a lover, means much the same. You ask the hand of this young girl with a full knowledge of her poverty, for, except a mere pittance, to keep her above want, I do not intend to give her anything."

"I ask nothing, sir, but her hand and the love of her pure heart, which are to me beyond all the treasures of the world."

"Well, suppose I consent that you should have the one, if she is willing to give you the

other, would there not still be something wanting to make your happiness complete?"

"O no, sir, nothing," answered Fred, with eagerness.

"Yes, my young friend," said the clergyman gravely, "there would still be wanting one great essential of married happiness—perfect unity of faith. While husband and wife pray at different altars their hearts cannot be wholly united."

"My dear sir," said the young man, and his ingenuous spirit spoke in his clear blue eyes, "I respect Miss O'Hanlon too much not to respect the religion she professes, and if I should ever be so happy as to call her mine, I will never, upon the honour of a gentleman, directly or indirectly interfere with her practice of it, and"—here he stammered and blushed a good deal, for he was as modest as a girl—"if we should ever be blessed with children, until they are of an age to judge for themselves, their religious education shall be left entirely to her. Further than this I cannot promise."

"And further than this I do not ask you to promise, if with this promise Aileen can

be satisfied." Whether she was satisfied or not, we cannot say, but only as we "guess," and we guess that she was, for in little more than a month from that time she became the wife of Fred Hubbard, with whom she sailed away to Europe, accompanied by our old friend Nancy McShane. And from the *on dits* respecting them that were published from time to time in the "Meteor," we take the following:

"Hubbard, the young American *millionaire*, whose beautiful wife has created such a sensation this winter in the best circles of Roman society, was received into the Church on Holy Saturday by Cardinal Antonelli, greatly to the delight of his zealous lady, who, it is said, has had prayers put up for his conversion in every church in the city. Let your young men take heed how they marry lovely Catholic wives, and come to spend their honeymoon in Rome. There is more danger to their protestantism in the experiment than they are aware of."









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